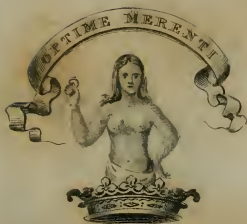


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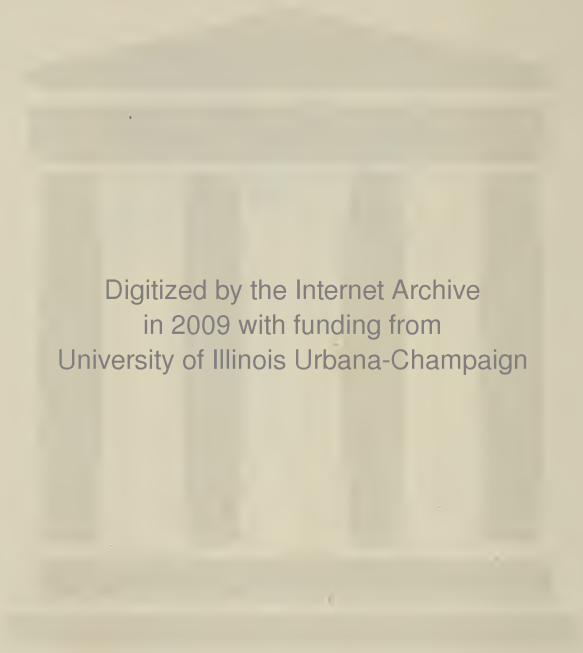


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THE
NIGHT WATCH;

OR,
TALES OF THE SEA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE MASTER;

OR,

IMPRESSMENT.

(CONTINUED.)

‘ Hast thou, which art but air, a touch of feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov’d than thou art?’

SHAKSPEARE.

THE MASTER,

&c.

CHAPTER V.

I 'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ WE had money enough given us from the charity funds at the Castle, to enable us to reach the port where the owners of our ship resided, and accordingly set out on our journey the next afternoon. Night came on before we reached the ruins of Dunstanborough Castle, which stand on a steep cliff close to the sea. The eastern swell had not yet gone down, and

there was a heavy roaring surf breaking against the rocks that margined the shore.

“On approaching the ruins, we distinctly heard voices, and walking cautiously to the eastern angle, discovered two dark figures seated on a stone that had fallen from the decaying wall, which sheltered them from the wind. We instantly retreated out of sight, for they had not seen us, and presently overheard the following conversation, which was held in loud and fearless accents.

“ ‘We’ll try to run part of the cargo at high water,’ said a strong voice, ‘for surely the lugger’s light will be seen in an hour or two. Had we but a few men more to help us off with the cobbles, the game is our own.’

“ ‘I wish they could carry boats for landing the stuff along with them ;’ replied another speaker, ‘there would be less risk and more profit. It must be tried ; for although we can say ‘fishermen’ on one side of the islands, and ‘pilots’ on

the other, we run a risk of being pounced upon, and proved to be neither, one day or other.'

" 'The devil take all duties, 'say I!' ejaculated the other, 'and duty-makers too! Who would pay sixpence a glass for rum when he can get brandy and Hollands for a penny, and a fresh quid and a whiff for next to nothing?—

A lass is good,

A glass is good,

And a pipe is good in cold weather!—

ay, as the song says.'

" 'Avast there, shipmate!' said the other, 'save your wind for work: may be we shall have to give steel for our stuff, or a bit of cold lead or so. You foul-mouthed eaters of *Ver-ginny* weed, may have to give tug for your twist. None of your song, Tom, till we have supper to relish it.'

" 'Let us see: we must get the two cobbles alongside the lugger at high-water, and if no danger heaves in sight, she will settle down to

the islands with the young ebb, and before the first quarter we could slip the boats through between the Wamses and the Farn into the Kettle, and land our stuff in the slip near the old Tower, and have it out of sight in the stow-hole in a twinkling.'

' "It is a regular-built stow-hole," said the other man. 'Did you ever hear old Jenny tell her belief of the monkish pranks that were carried on in the island, and how that looking into the Dead-house near the old Tower, there was found a jaw-bone smaller, and teeth whiter, than those of men.'

" "As to listening to her clatter about St. Cuthbert, the Lady, and the Laidly Worm of Spindlestone Heughs, I had something else to think of when I was in their quarters:—but hark ! I thought I heard a sound.'

" "It's nothing but the surf, or a seal howling among the rocks; or may be the wind rustling among these rotten old walls,' said Tom; 'but

let us think how we are to land on the Farn without being seen.'

" 'Oh! as to that,' said the former speaker, 'we will round the point by the glare of the revolving light, and we shall hear nothing more than its click-clack; for Jack, poor, good, old Presbyterian soul! he will be praying or trimming his lamps; and as for Jenny, I can answer that nothing will tempt her to go near the Tower, the Dead-house, or Stone-coffin, at night. If none of the revenue rascals are hovering about, all will go well.'

" We now knew our men and their purpose, and, stepping past the corner, advanced towards them. They sprung on their feet in an instant, and without waiting for a parley, one called out, 'There is no leg-bail for us; give it to them!' and he fired his pistol. The ball passed through the fleshy part of my arm; and while the frightened sea-fowl that had been feeding on the coast, screeched, rose, and flapped their

wings, the other man kept his pistol presented, and his companion lugged a short broadsword from its scabbard. My companions called aloud that we were not revenue-men, but sailors who had been wrecked; on which the man who had fired his pistol, stooped down, and taking up a dark lantern, cautiously drew back the slide, and as the light gleamed upon his keen eyes and weatherbeaten face, on one side of which some sabre had left a long scar, only half-covered by a slouched hat, he came close up to me, and turning the light exclaimed, ‘ This is an infernal job, you are not the shark I took you for; but twist this knotted handkerchief round your arm as a tourniquet, and if we save the cargo you shall be none the worse of the loss of blood. But how came you here without Davis or Rodrick overhauling you. The dozy scoundrels have been drunk or asleep. Saw *ye* nothing of men or cobs near the little rocky haven to the northward, for you could have no business to come from

the land side? but I'm not over sure of you now, shipmates!' We persisted in our story; and before my arm was bound up, the same man said, 'Oh, here come the dozy hounds. The flash of a pistol draws fools like a Will o' the Wisp: there's Davis blowing like a mad Welsh bull.' The two men had scarcely reached the spot, when the man who had reserved his fire, looking towards the sea, said, 'There she is to the eastward, Jack, by all that's holy! Her light, is twinkling like a little rising star as she is. Shall we show the light or not?' 'Why,' said the other, 'if the shovel-nosed sharks of the Revenue take the flash of the pistol for the fowler's guns, all is safe enough; but if the cutter saw it, we are regularly in for it; and if all goes cheerly over-night, 'tis certain in the morning there will be bunting abroad to read. Show the lights we must:—they see the Farns from the lugger, and are looking out in this direction for our signal. Down with the lantern, Tom; place it snug over the cliff: when the

luggar takes in her light, shut the slide ; when she shows it again, do you open it. Rodrick, down to the landing-place, give us a gleam of the other lantern now and then, but be sure it only shows on the sea. Will you help us off with the cobbles, lads ?

“ My two comrades consented ; but it was agreed that I should, on account of my wound, make for the first sea-port town.

“ I saw them launch the cobbles and pull out of the little haven, and then took my way along the coast, determined to seek quarter at the first place. I wandered for some time, when my arm became so painful, that I sat down by the way-side, having still a view of the sea : suddenly I saw a gleam of light, and heard the report of a gun, which made me watch earnestly in that direction, and in less than ten minutes I observed a succession of bright and vivid flashes of fire, which showed the tall mast and white sail of a cutter near to some other vessel, while a loud and rumbling sound

echoed among the rocks. I waited, but in vain ; I neither heard nor saw more.

“The night was now far advanced, and I made for the great north road.

“At one public-house they refused to give me lodging, as nobody, they said, but men of bad character would be seen prowling about at that time of night ; and as for being a shipwrecked sailor, there were fleets of such fellows sailing about that had never seen salt-water.

“The landlady, putting her very pretty night-capped head out of the upper window—‘By my troth,’ said she, ‘there is never a lime sloop wrecked on the coast, but we have fifty men who belonged to her. You are as bad as the drabble-tailed hussies that trudge about as widows after a pit blows up ; or as the pale-faced elves in Lunnun town, whom I have seen with my own eyes travel the streets with their arms in slings after great battles, some for pride and some for pence.’

“At the next inn I got lodgings, after having

told a lie about my wound, which I placed to the account of the sea instead of the shot. To support this first lie, I soon told many others; and I don't know whether it was from that circumstance, together with not having much to care for, and my arm being an excuse for idleness, but I became a complete vagabond character, and it was not till I was reduced to absolute poverty, that I began to reflect.

“By accident I met with a civil master of a ship at Shields, who, to prevent my being impressed, received me on board under my real name, Richard * * * *. I found this master a good and honest man, and thriving in his way of life.

We made several voyages to the Baltic: I was still fond of reading; and, besides having many good books put into my hands, the mate, who was the master's only son, taught me navigation; at which I was apt enough,

and could soon work tides, azimuths, amplitudes, and day's-works, and thought myself fit, as a seaman and navigator, to take charge of any ship: but experience has since shown me how little I then knew."

CHAPTER. VI.

An' oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway !
And mind your duty duly morn an' night ;
Lest in temptation's paths ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.

BURNS.

“NOTHING, I believe, Harold, contributes more to deprave the character, than the neglect of our early religious habits, and that contempt of control which loose company engenders.

“I was at that time a wild fellow, and perhaps might have been so still, had it not been for a circumstance which I will relate to you.

“My master had lost his wife about twelve months, and resided with his only daughter in a neat small house on the south side of the

Tyne, looking out upon the sea, the castle, and the entrance of the river, and his son George and myself were always invited to dine with him on Sundays.

“ I cannot say I at first felt any thing more towards Mary than to the rest of womankind, of whom I was never free from being enamoured in my way. Every pretty face made an impression, and a fine person hid under a petticoat was delight to me.

“ Mary was not so handsome as many of her neighbours; but still she was good-looking, and, what made her appear more so, she was devout and modest, and possessed such evenness of temper and goodness of heart, as I have seldom seen.

“ One night, returning towards the ship, I heard a moan by the road-side, when, looking towards the hedge, I saw an old woman seated with a pitcher of water by her side; she trembled, though it was not cold; and on asking her what was the matter, she said she had been to

the well for water, but that feeling herself sick, she sat down by the way. I had been poor and sick too, but was at that time in good health and spirits, and had a few dollars in my pocket, and, with her consent, I convoyed her and her pitcher home, which was not more than a hundred yards from the spot.

“There was but little in her cottage, yet, on striking a light, all appeared clean and in order. A table, two chairs, a bed, and a rack for plates with drawers below, on which stood a tea-board, was all the furniture. The hearth was strewed with yellow sand, and on the clean-scoured fir-table lay a Bible and a pair of spectacles, under the branches of a large geranium which protruded from the window.

“The old dame drank something from a bottle, and said:—‘May God bless her who brought me this! had it not been for her, my poor old bones would have been laid in the cold grave last winter. The parish allowance was

scarcely enough to buy meat, and I was often sick and had no one to cook it; but, thanks to the Lord that sent me a comforter, who, though a stranger, worked for me with her own hands, and was unto me more than a daughter.'

"Just at that moment a strong gust of wind rustled into the cottage, and seeing the old woman had already gained strength to make use of her privilege, I thrust a little money into her hand, and ran to the beach. It was a heavy squall: smash went many a hawser and jibboom, and the harbour was a scene of confusion, vessels running foul of each other in every direction.

"For my part, Harold, I see no reason why the sides of harbours should not be checquered with moorings, which would prevent many accidents.

"For a quarter of an hour, the breeze seemed to master man and ship, and then all was as

calm as a millpond. The fray completely expelled the old woman and her story from my mind till the next night, when I thought it but kind to inquire after her. It was dark when I came near the cottage; and as I heard a voice within not like the mumbling of old age, I listened for a minute, and heard words which will never leave my memory :—

‘ And whosoever believeth in me shall never die!’

“ My curiosity to know who the kind creature was of whom the old woman had spoken, which had been blown away by the breeze, now returned, and I stole gently to the casement, and there saw the good Mary reading the Scriptures to her poor old neighbour. From that moment I looked upon her as different from the rest of the world. I left the spot without going in, and returned on board the ship, dissatisfied with myself, and resolved to behave better. I now had no pleasure on shore but in going to my master’s house, where every day made

me more attached to Mary, and I determined to deserve her. Her father had just been appointed to the command of a West-India ship, and George was to be first mate, and I second. After having visited my father and mother, and being reconciled to them, I joined the vessel, and we set sail for Jamaica.

“ We had not been there a month, when poor George became sick. He had drunk too much and slept in the night air, and the next morning felt sick and giddy with a pain in his back. In the evening he became violently hot, and turned a dark red colour, which was succeeded by black vomiting and death. The body, although the illness was so short, seemed to be reduced to a skeleton, and became as yellow as saffron.

“ We had hopes of him when the doctor*

* These periodical breezes are perhaps the best illustration we have of the Theory of Winds, if indeed theory it can be called ; for it is probable navigation will be much benefited by an accumulation of well authenticated facts on this subject.

(i. e. the land wind) came off in the evening, as the height of the fever was passed ; but, like many others, he died from the weakness occasioned by the severity of the complaint.

“There was scarcely a dry eye in the ship when his coffin was lowered into the boat, and his poor father sobbed bitterly, as we pulled along over the ruins of old Port Royal, which we saw at the bottom of the clear, blue water, on our way to the Palisades. It is a heart-cutting thing to see an old man weep, and I thought he would have tumbled into the grave when the earth was crumbled over his son’s coffin.”

CHAPTER VII.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest ?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell á weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

“ THE burial of my poor shipmate being finished, we proceeded towards the boat, and on our way met several funeral processions advancing : one was that of an officer of a ship of war ; his coffin was covered with the union jack,

and borne by seamen, his hat and sword lying on the centre of the flag.

“ The chaplain preceded the bier, which was followed by a train of sailors, a guard of marines, and officers of various ranks with crape on their arms, cocked hats, and sword-handles.

“ As we were pulling slowly away from this burial-place of bravery and enterprize, we heard a volley fired ; and a humming-bird, possibly startled by the noise, in the suddenness of its little flight, struck against the hat of one of the men, and fell dead on the plank where the coffin had rested. By its death an insect which it had in its mouth escaped with life.

“ I was now mate, and had become the friend of my worthy master. On our arrival in England I gave the stuffed humming-bird to Mary, who preserved it as a sad remembrance of the fate of her poor brother.

“ Twelve months after this period, Mary became my wife ; and if there is happiness on earth,

Harold, it is surely found in possessing such a woman. I would not for all this world's riches have parted with her, and to the last day of my life shall be as much wedded to her memory as I was to her person.

“Our felicity, however, was not doomed to be of long continuance. It was marred by one of those unforeseen circumstances which entail misery on folly.

“I had not been married more than seven months, when returning from a West-India voyage, full of joy and hope to clasp my own Mary to my heart, in passing the North Foreland, the wind suddenly chopped round to the northward, blew strong, and obliged us to seek shelter in the Downs, where a frigate was in the very act of weighing for the East Indies; and before our sails were half furled, a boat was sent on board with a lieutenant, to muster our men, to see if there was a lawful possibility of impressing any of us. For myself I had not the slightest dread, and my feelings at that time

partook of the delight pourtrayed in the old ballad that one of our men (a second Incledon) sang the night before—

‘ And as the much-loved shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwells a friend or partner dear,
Of love and truth a matchless proof.’

But you shall hear, Harold. The first man that came out of the boat, after the lieutenant, was Thomas Forster, one of my fellow survivors from the wreck, who had been impressed. ‘ Ah ! Williams, my boy,’ said he, ‘ how fares it with you ? I have been nabbed, you see.’

“ I was so glad to see my old shipmate, that my change of name never struck me to be of the least consequence, till the lieutenant, after looking over the apprentices’ indentures, &c., and mustering the crew, said, ‘ I do not see the name of Williams here : did I not hear you call that person Williams, Forster ?’

“ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ said Forster unthinkingly, ‘ we were wrecked together on the Farn Islands.’ ”

“ ‘ How is this, Sir,’ said the officer to the master ; ‘ you are imposing on me by a false muster.’ ”

“ ‘ The man may be mistaken,’ replied my father-in-law ; on which Forster, seeing the scrape he had unwittingly led me into, began to prevaricate : but the officer turned on his heel and desired me to get my things into the boat, saying, ‘ I shall take this man of two names from your ship, captain.’ ”

“ My father-in-law, well knowing that my papers were too irregular to expect any thing from their exposure, begged him not to ruin us by such an act, which, though it might appear to be supported by justice, was, in fact, one of cruelty. ”

“ The lieutenant replied, that it was more than his commission was worth, and more power

than he possessed, to grant a privilege to me, which the law of the land denied to thousands of seamen as deserving as myself.*

* On the power which is granted to the executive government for the impressment of seamen, the Author cannot but remark, that although the most aristocratical legislator seems willing to admit that nothing but necessity can justify its continuance, yet it is somewhat extraordinary that while the Negroes' cause is advocated by thousands, and the Roman Catholics' Emancipation Bill supported by almost as many as it is opposed, and progressive amelioration taking place in the laws respecting both these classes, no parliamentary measure has been adopted for the abolition of the slavery of seamen.

It is not enough that in time of peace no impressment takes place, for the strong, and, in this instance, tyrannical arm of the law still hangs over the heads of sailors, and to-morrow they may be taken like felons (for it would be idle to hide the dreadful truth under milder terms), dragged from their wives and families, and forced to serve against their inclination. The evil is the more grievous, as it is left to chance in its operations, for by that alone men often escape, or are kidnapped by the press-gang.

Real public good can scarcely accrue from private injury, and it is to be hoped some means may be assayed, in which the civil authorities, acting under a wisely-regulated system of laws, applicable to the different seaports of the United Kingdom, may be enabled to raise men for the navy, at any time, and to any required number, without resorting to that species

“ My father-in-law was about to answer, when a gun was fired from the frigate ; and as the smoke cleared away, the officer saw his boat-

of arbitrary power, wherein it frequently happens that the officer under whom the man is to serve, and is bound to obey and respect, is no other than the person who has been the instrument in depriving him of his liberty. In old governments, like that of England, where laws have accumulated, and have sometimes been spun into such long and fine threads that their ends can scarcely be discovered, it surely would not be hard to make one sufficiently difficult for any individual seaman to elude : besides, by progressive education, seamen, in common with all others, may be anticipated to imbibe more respect for the laws, and eventually not to consider it a hardship, but a duty, to serve their King and country for a definite time, having a firm reliance on Government, that after they shall have paid a tribute of service, (which, it may be observed, every man, humble or exalted, owes to his country in one way or other,) they will then be entitled to enjoy all the rights of free citizens.

Although impressed seamen are treated on board ships of war precisely as others, that is no excuse for depriving them of the rights of free-born subjects ; and it is to be hoped, that while so many enlightened statesmen are to be found ready and willing to hunt out every disqualification for liberty in other respects, some of them may be enabled to find sure and rational means to wipe out this dark blot from our escutcheon of liberty.

signal at the peak, the topsails loose, and blue peter* flying at the fore.

“ ‘Get your things into the boat, young man,’ said he ; ‘ though I hate this duty, I am resolved to perform it. Wiser heads than mine make the laws ; and whatever they are, it is my duty, and also my determination, to support them : I’m sorry for your case, but go you must.’ There was no appeal ; my father-in-law shook me by the hand, ‘ Farewell, Richard,’ was all he could say ; ‘ my poor, poor Mary !’

“ The officer appeared affected by the old man’s distress, and said, “ You know your son will meet with just and fair treatment ; the same, in short, as any person in the fleet :’ and stepping into the boat, where I was already seated, ‘ Shove off !’ he said. I shall never forget the words. The bowman spun his oar, the boat sheered broad off to the tide, and in less than ten minutes we were on board the frigate, which

* The signal for sea, and all persons to repair on board.

was already under weigh, and veering before the wind. We soon rounded the Foreland under a press of sail, but never man went to sea with a sorer heart than I did.

“The frigate was in an excellent state of discipline. I was put to do my duty in the fore-top, and seeing little chance of altering my situation till my father-in-law should buy my discharge by substitutes, I determined to do my duty to the best of my power, though I found it a hard matter to make an active body out of a sorry mind.

“We had proceeded down Channel, and as far as the Scilly Islands, when a strong gale from the westward obliged us to seek shelter there.

“It blew so furiously, that the sea was one complete sheet of white foam, and there seemed little chance of getting a pilot; but scarcely had the jack been hoisted at the fore, and an eighteen-pounder given mouth, than a small boat under low sail was seen rounding the bluff point. ‘Well done, Scilly-men!’ murmured all

who saw her, and in half an hour she came under our stern over a boiling sea.

“The boat would have been dashed to pieces had she attempted to come alongside, but they hailed to heave them a long rope, which was accordingly done, and while they kept aloof from the ship, a stout fellow fastened the rope under his arms, and watching the roll of the waves, sprung into the foaming sea, his comrades shouting “Haul in!” In two minutes we had Master Penruddock under the lee quarter, grappling at the stern ladder, which he presently mounted, with little more injury than a blow on his forehead. He was quickly supplied with a purser’s suit, and jumping on a carronade, cried, ‘Hard a-weather with the helm!’ and the frigate, ‘paying off,’ soon staggered along before the wind, and threading the intricate channels which led to the harbour, bounded almost at once from breaking to smooth water, when gliding to a sheltered birth,

she swung boldly round to her anchor, in St. Mary's Sound, where numbers of merchant ships had already anchored.

“The evening gun was fired amidst a loud clatter of drums and fifes, a quarter watch was called, and I was mustered along with the rest of my shipmates who belonged to it, when the bell had *struck* one ; for you know, Harold, it only *tolls* on melancholy occasions.

“No longer kept from thinking by active employment, my heart turned with sorrow to my poor Mary ; and as the ship was going to the East Indies, it appeared as if I were to be separated from her for ever, and I resolved to make a desperate attempt to escape.

“Part of the watch were dozing about, and there was little talk among the rest. The officer of the watch, weary with the day's toil, leaned over the gangway every now and then, and the midshipmen on the other side of the quarter-deck slunk about more asleep than awake,

while the marine sentinels on the gangways, from a similar cause, were pretty much in the same trim.

“ We were not more than three-quarters of a mile from a barren and rocky island, and I determined to risk every thing to gain it, and get on board one of the merchant ships in the morning.

“ The first thing was to get my money from my bag of clothes, which was snugly tied up over my hammock, on the lower deck. I stole quietly down, and was in the act of searching the bag when the sergeant of marines and master-at-arms, who were going their half-hourly rounds, nearly caught me; but springing unobserved into my hammock, I lay covered till they passed, and was not a little alarmed to find that I was the subject of their conversation.

“ ‘ Do you know the number of the pressed man’s birth ? ’ said the sergeant ; ‘ I heard the officers say he was worth keeping, and it would be well to keep an eye upon him.’

“‘I don’t know his number,’ replied the master-at-arms, but I saw him on the fore-castle just after the watch was mustered.’

“So soon as they were on the ladder, I untied my bag and pocketed my purse. You know, Harold, how soundly men sleep after having been well trounced in a gale, and I got both in and out of my hammock without a question from my snoring neighbours. I then mounted the fore-castle again, and made a point of being seen by the sergeant; after which I skulked through one of the port-holes under the main channels, as the island lay astern. Having buttoned my jacket tight around me, and tied the bottom of my trowsers, I fastened a rope’s end which was hanging overboard from the channels (a thing almost unknown in the frigate) to the irons below, and slid without the least splash into the water; but when my head was just above the surface, I found my legs pressed, as it were, against the bottom of the ship, and it was not till I let go the rope and

struck off a little from the side, that I was dis-entangled from this effect.

“I scarcely breathed on the water, and moved my arms and limbs as little as possible, but my heart beat within me as I found myself floating with the tide past the quarter of the ship. I was beginning to feel fresh vigour at observing myself distancing the frigate, when I heard the hoarse voice of an old owl of a quartermaster say to the officer of the watch, ‘There is something in the water astern, Sir.’ The voice acted upon me like electricity, and I do believe I bounded two-thirds out of the water. ‘’Tis a man, by all that’s holy, Sir!’ said the old fellow. ‘Ahoi! come back, you rascal!’ cried the officer; ‘Fire, sentinel, fire!’ and as it seemed to me, the very moment I saw the gleam on the water, I felt a sharp cut on my left heel. Another and another ball followed, but with less success. ‘Away there, black cutters of the watch, away!’ hallooed the boatswain’s mate; but, luckily for me, the

boats had been secured for sea, in consequence of which they took more time in being cleared away, and I was half-way to the shore before I heard the running crackling of the takles and the boat go splash into the water. The noise seemed so near to me that I looked round, but saw nothing : soon, however, I heard the rolling of the oars in the rullocks, and my hopes began to fail me, when a sight of the fretting surf on the rocks cheered and saved me from sinking with despair.

“ I plied every nerve, and in a few minutes more was close to the breakers : none but swimmers can conceive the narrow limits of the view when the head only is above the surface ; every wave is a boundary, and to a person pursued as I was, and in search of a landing-place, mountains could not have been a more agonizing barrier.

“ I at last perceived a black shelving point of rock, on which the surf was rolling heavily on one side ; while on the other, the water appeared

to be smother. For this point I immediately swam, as a forlorn hope. On approaching, I found myself between two white ridges of foaming water, and occasionally sunk in the hollow abyss of the waves, and sometimes dashed about amidst the foam on their tops.

“When about to pass the shelving rock, I was thrown head-foremost on to its margin by one of those sovereign waves which seem to lord it over all the rest, and left in a kind of niche, which prevented its recoil sweeping me back.

“On recovering from the stun I had received, I found that my head was cut and bleeding, but that the wound on my heel was of no consequence. Soon the noise of oars and voices assailed my ears, and I distinctly heard the midshipman of the boat say, ‘The fellow never could land here: he must have been dashed to pieces on the rocks or drowned in the surf, and we shall find his body in the morning.’

“ This convinced me I was not discovered ; and I shrunk into the niche of the rock, as a snail would do into its shell, and lay there for two hours, not daring to lift my head ; and when I did so, it was with the greatest caution, knowing I should be punished as a deserter if discovered. This was an anxious night, believe me, Harold ; and as the morning began to dawn, and St. Mary’s light waxed dim, all my fears returned.

“ The wind had moderated, and I heard the rattling of the windlasses of the merchant vessels as the sailors hove up their anchors. My only chance of escape was to get on board one of these ships, as they left the different harbours where they had taken shelter ; and I was considering how to accomplish it, when I saw a boat advancing from the quarter in which the frigate lay.

“ The black cutter (if I may so say) jumped at once into my mind, and I ran, as it were by instinct, in an opposite direction, till I fell into

one of those rugged gaps of the rocks from sheer anxiety. Here I lay, till that curiosity which most people have to know their fate, be it of the blackest or fairest kind, overcame my alarm, and I ventured to look over the margin of the rocky den where chance and fear had thrown me, and saw, to my great joy, that it was not the black cutter, but a Scilly fishing-boat, which I knew by her rig. She was running before the wind close to the shore, and I scrambled, as fast as my strength would let me, to the nearest point, and waved to them.

“The boat was presently alongside the rocks, and the helmsman hallooed in a language certainly foreign to the islands, ‘What does en want?’—‘I wish to be put on board a ship running out of the eastern passage,’ said I.—‘What be en doen here? What would en give en?’ were said almost in the same breath. Knowing that fishermen and pilots, though they may be half-starving, will do little under a doctor’s fee, and my purse being well fledged, I offered them a guinea. ‘Well, jump

on board, then,' said the same man, 'and shove off.'

"The boat was first put before the wind, and then steered along by the eastern margin of the rocks, to catch the ships as they shaped their course up-Channel. As the morning light dawned brighter, my companions first looked eagerly at me, and then at each other: at last the helmsman spoke again, and in no very measured terms. 'Has thee ben laid abroad upon a planchen, with a skit in the chacks; or beest thee some shirk of a murderer? There 's blood upon thee cheek, maister.' 'Let 's tak 'en to the man of war in the Sound, lads! they 'll cure en of his night tricks, as sure as you 'm alive!' I saw there was nothing for me but to tell the truth of my situation, which I did as briefly as possible.

"'Ah!' said the last speaker, as I concluded my story, 'thee 's a husband then, and maybe too, a father? It 's a pity that the King and his men are put to such dirty shifts. Let 's put en aboard, lads.'

“ We were now rounding the point of a bleak rock, which changed its appearance as the tide ebbed and flowed ; and to my great relief I saw several merchant ships under sail.

“ The fisherman had consented to take me on board of the nearest ship, and knowing the advantage of a decent appearance among all classes of Englishmen, I washed the blood from my face, and put my clothes in the best order their wet state would allow.

“ It was agreed that the boat should put me alongside, and then shove off, to prevent the possibility of their denying me a passage, and they generously refused to receive any payment for doing so.

“ There was a moderate breeze from the westward, and as we proceeded, the white sails of the ships were seen over the dark rocks in all directions, steering out of these excellent little harbours, and diverging in every course the wind would permit, for their several destinations.

“ A large ship was not far distant from us,

steering up-Channel. There was neither too much wind nor sea to prevent a boat going alongside, and by laying on our oars nearly right a-head, the vessel ran up alongside of us, the bowman grappled the main-channels, I sprung out of the boat with a thankful heart, the man let go the channel-plates as if by accident, and the vessel sailed on.

“I instantly begged to speak with the master in his cabin, where I intreated him, for the sake of my poor wife, to give me a passage, maintaining, at the same time, that no blame could be attached to him for taking me on board, as the boat had left the ship. He abused me heartily for coming on board his ship in that manner, and swore he would give me up as a deserter to the first man-of-war he met with: but at last he consented to allow me to remain on board till the ship’s arrival in port, warning me, however, to depart before the quarantine, custom-house, or guard-boat came near.

“We soon ran up-Channel, and had the Isle of Wight full in view, in all the beauty of rich,

healthy, and thriving vegetation, the colour of which contrasted remarkably with the high, steep, chalky cliffs of the Needles, which we threaded under the influence of a strong tide, followed by a whole fleet of ships from all parts of the world, with their colours flying, as if to greet this isle of islands. As the crew gazed with delight on the thickly-wooded shores, studded with towns, castles, country-seats and villages, each individual seemed to trace some resemblance to the place of his nativity, where he soon hoped to meet his wife, his children, or his parents.

“With all these beautiful objects in sight, together with a distant view of the fleet at Spithead, we anchored in that purgatory of arriving and departing ships, the Mother-Bank.

“A yellow flag was hoisted at the main, which, while it secured us from the intrusion of the men-of-war’s boats, kept aloof every other.

“In vain I beckoned to the wherries, and made all the signs of a dumb person to be put

on shore ; I pointed to the land, I put my hand in my pocket, I caught the sun-gleams on a dollar, but all would not do. They came just near enough to be without hail, shook their heads, pointed to the yellow flag, and steered away.

“ Nothing came near us but the quarantine-boat, which kept a yard or two from the ship ; while a middle-aged man, with a broad-brimmed leather hat, and muffled up in a boat-cloak, asked questions from the stern-sheets. When his interrogations were finished, he consented to take letters, provided they were sprinkled with vinegar, and ushered into the boat by means of a long pole, which was accordingly done. I wrote to Mary, telling her of my escape, and that I hoped soon to be with her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute ;
Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute :
Legions of angels all in white advance ;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance.

CHURCHILL.

“THERE is nothing more true than that health is most appreciated during sickness, and liberty when in prison ; for, although it is probable many of the crew would not have been out of the ship, during the time that had elapsed since our arrival, yet, from the very circumstance of being obliged to remain on board, all became restless and discontented.

“On the fifth night it was so dark that the yellow flag could not be distinguished from a

vane, and that induced a wherry, which I hailed in passing, to come alongside.

“‘We have been with passengers on board one of the ships here,’ said the Waterman, ‘and cannot put you on shore at any other place than Portsmouth, as we are going back there direct.’ I agreed to go with them, and having thanked the captain for his kindness, got into the boat.

“The men, tired with their long pull from the town, made sail on the boat, and fortunately having no relish for talk, I paid and left them when we landed at Sallyport, without their knowing that the ship which I had left was in quarantine.

“There were several men-of-war’s boats on the beach, with a few midshipmen pacing to and fro on the shingle; while the men, lounging on the thwarts, grumbled (out of their officer’s hearing) at being kept out of their hammocks at that time of night against orders.

“Spies or intruders are in more danger on

the outskirts of an enemy's camp, where every thing is regarded with suspicion, than in the centre of it, where security is supposed to reign; and thus it was with me, though in the middle of those whom I most dreaded, yet I passed unquestioned and unmolested.

“ The lights were still shining in the windows towards the water, and I heard roars of laughter, and the sound of song and fiddle from the houses; but towards the street there was little symptom of light or life.

“ Having proceeded a short distance down Point-street, I entered a narrow passage, at the end of which I opened a door which led me into a long room, where unsnuffed candles, gleaming from their sockets on the walls, showed a scene of horrible confusion.

“ At the farther end of the room were two blind and drunken fiddlers sawing cat-gut at a most furious rate, and a boy thumbing an old greasy tambourin; while the entire length of the room was filled with dancers, drinkers,

and singers of both sexes, pushing each other about with a simultaneous degree of authority. Here were Royal Williams, Plantagenets, Heroes, and Leviathans; Thunderers, Dreadnoughts, and Hussars; Termagants, Phœbes, and Furies; Drivers, Gripers, and Ticklers; Boxers, Bruisers, and Beelzebubs, shining in the shape of liberty-men, each distinguished by the golden letters glittering on their black leather hats.

“Some were capering and torturing themselves into every possible jumping attitude; while others, too drunk to stand, lay scratched, bruised, and robbed under the benches.

“The scene was a shade darker than any I had witnessed in St. Giles’s and I got out of the room as quietly as I could, but fell over a drunken woman in the passage.

“I determined to find out some small public-house to lodge in for the night, and was looking about in South Sea for a place of that description, when observing a light in the window of

a small decent-looking house, I knocked at the door, which was presently opened by an old man in a red night-cap. 'What do you want, shipmate?' said he. 'Lodging,' said I. 'We keep no game-house, young fellow,' replied he: 'no nests for stray birds here: put your helm up for point, there's no anchorage for you in our roadstead. Stay, let's have a look at your phiz,' continued the old man: 'no snake in the grass? no privateer, eh?' and then holding the candle up to my face; 'You don't seem to be in the wind neither,' said he. I told him I had tasted no grog that day; on which he called to Sally his wife, who was in bed in a sort of closet adjoining, and overheard what was passing. 'Sally,' said he, 'shall we give the chap a birth for the night, it may save him going to worse places, and you know what our son Jack told us about the good of a lodging that was given him; besides, although I am now a waterman, Sally, you know I was

a sailor, and have often been hard-up in my time !’

“ ‘ But is he a decent-looking man, Rodger ?’ said Sally, peeping from the closet. ‘ Why ’faith for that,’ said the veteran waterman, ‘ he looks a little white-livered or so, and as if he had seen some banyan days ;* but what have *you* to fear, my old girl ?’ ‘ Nothing, Rodger, nothing !’ said Sally ; ‘ well, but you did not always say so, Rodger : no, no, Rodger, I’ve seen the time !—Well, but let him have quarters, let him come in, and he can make it out with this blanket ; but let us see—wood is as hard a bed as stone ; and it would be a shame for us to lie on feathers and him on flags, though you’ve worked hard for it, Rodger. Here, take this straw mattress, and lay it before the fire, and with your great coat, which is not wet, though you did pretend to be so long in pulling between Gossey and the Hard, he may make

* Days on which there is no meat served out on board of ships of war.

it out as many a better man has done before him.'

" 'Bring yourself to an anchor,' said Rodger, swinging me a chair; 'and if there is not a southerly wind in the bread-bag, you shall have a fistful of midshipman's nuts to crack for your supper, and then you may sleep as safe and sound as a ground-tier butt.'

"He gave me some broken biscuits, which, although lately baked, he knocked on the table to dislodge the weevils. It was the sign of a sailor, and knowing myself to be in the hands of one, I laid myself down and slept soundly till the morning, when Sally began to sweep and knock the chairs about, and Rodger departed to look at his boat.

"When the husband returned, the wife had a wholesome breakfast prepared for him, and hospitably offered me a share. Their house was neat and clean; and the old pair seemed to be gliding down the hill of life happy in each other's company.

“There was a broad honesty in Rodger’s countenance and a kindness in his manner, which determined me to make him my confidant. I therefore acquainted him of my escape from the frigate, and solicited his advice how I should proceed to London, from whence I thought it would not be difficult to find a conveyance home.

“‘It is more than I can tell you,’ said Rodger; ‘for I was once brought back from the outer gates to this very place, by a serjeant of Marines, who stopped me although I was on the top of the coach, rigged out in *long togs*, with *gaff-topsail coat* and *moferidite* boots, a regular belcher round my gullet, and my *flippers* in green mittens: but all would not do, the lobster *twigged* me, and said he knew I was a sailor by my rig, though no parson ever wore a finer-grained black coat. He then pulled off my green mittens, and swore by the cracks in my hands that I was a sailor and a deserter, and, unless I could show a liberty ticket, back

he would take me:—take me he did, and back I was lugged, and flogged; for sure enough I was, as you are, a deserter. But unship your blue jacket,’ continued Rodger; ‘and, although it seems to have had some green seas aboard of it, I’ll try what kind of a bargain I can drive with old Smouch for ’t.’

“The good-hearted old seaman immediately set off on his errand, and soon returned with a threadbare green coat mounted with yellow buttons, which fitted me well enough, except in the sleeves, which were tight, and too short by several inches.

“‘You must pass the gates on foot,’ said Rodger, ‘and then get the coach to take you aboard.’ I gave the old man a dollar for his trouble, and, after thanking Sally for her kindness, I took the road towards the gates an hour before coach-time. When I arrived at the outer barrier, I was stopped by a sergeant of Marines, who looked first at my hat, then at my trowsers, then at my coat, and laughed. ‘This will not

do, shipmate ! Where's your liberty ticket ?' said he ; ' you are a sailor, as sure as I wear a red coat:—there is tar upon your trowsers, and your hat is blistered with salt water.'

“ I stepped a pace backwards, and asked him what business he had to stop me ? ‘ I'll show you,’ he replied, as he called out for corporal somebody, and was about to lay his hand on my collar. I however saw his intention, struck him to the ground, and bolted through the barrier. The corporal, however, and two men who had heard the summons, pursued me, but without fire-arms. The former ran faster than I did, and coming up first, made a blow at my head which sent me reeling to the ground. I got on my feet again, however, and had levelled him in my place, when his companions arrived and took me into custody.

“ The scuffle would have been excuse sufficient for detaining me, and with the bitterest pangs of disappointment, I was taken on board the guard-ship, commonly called the Billy, where

the tails of my green coat were cut off, along with those of many others, who were by order ranged in the same line, and deprived of the modest superabundance of their long robes.

“A few days afterwards, I was drafted on board his Majesty’s sloop * * * *; but judge of my horror, Harold, when I heard she was to follow the frigate from which I had escaped.”

CHAPTER IX.

PAY-DAY.

Gaoler, look to him ; tell not me of mercy !
This is the fool that lent out money gratis ;—
Gaoler, look to him.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ THE day previous to the ship’s sailing, at a very early hour she was surrounded by boats filled with Jews and boxes of clothes; the former holding up letters addressed to the officers, in order to gain admittance; while the sentinels, acting under positive orders, and knowing their pay-day tricks, as resolutely kept them aloof, in which duty they were aided by twenty-four pound shots slung by ropes from the main-yard, and vibrated to and fro on the

surface of the water, occasionally splashing the persevering Israelites, who having supplied many of the crew with clothes on credit, and expecting an enormous profit, continued to solicit admittance. None, however, were allowed to come on board till the crew had been paid and the commissioners' yacht had departed. Then the Jews swarmed up the side, and pulled on board their goods, occasionally let run into the boat or overboard, by means of slippery hitches, to the great amusement of the seamen, and annoyance of their avaricious creditors.

“ You know what a scene of confusion pay-day is, Harold, and never was there a much more noisy one than this I am telling you of. Mordecai complained that he had advanced clothes and money to several of the men, on promise of payment when the ship was paid. Smouch had lost a box of comforters overboard, in consequence of a slippery hitch being placed upon it by a man who was his debtor, assisting to get it on board. Levi could not get paid for

more than half of his Guernsey frocks ; and Solomon, with all his wisdom, could find no man on board who said he had three years' wages due, and who had a pea jacket, a Flushing coat, several pairs of blue stockings with white clocks, two banyans, and a real C. D. B. hat, from him.

“ The bumboat-woman,* too, complained wofully of not being paid for the ‘ *soft tack*, the men had had on *tick*’ (soft bread on credit).

“ At sunset, the first-lieutenant, harassed by investigating complaints, and enraged at the disorder which prevailed, ordered all the women and Jews out of the ship : the former departed discontented at their shabby reward, and the latter with imprecations on their creditors.

“ The following day we sailed from Spit-head ; when discipline was again restored, and order and regularity prevailed.

* The Bumboat is that which belongs to the person who has the privilege of supplying the ship with necessaries, and usually brings the letters on board.

“ Nothing particular occurred to me during the voyage, till one day I was standing by the main sheet, while the ship was staggering along under a press of sail, and a young midshipman, who was ordered to the mast-head for playing on the quarter-deck, fell overboard.

“ I instantly dashed over the lee quarter, and caught him by the collar before he had drifted many fathoms astern. The ship, however, seemed to fly from us like a shot ; and though the life buoy had been cut away, and the helm put down, yet the vessel was several hundred yards from us before her way could be stopped, and in the hollow of the waves she appeared double the distance.

“ He was a brave boy, and could swim a little; but he had gulped so much water, that his strength began to fail him before we had got half-way to the float. At first I had no difficulty in keeping him off and up, at arms' length, but as he became weaker, he endeavoured to come nearer, till at last, he almost prevented my

exertions ; for so small is a man's encumbered strength in the water, that I had nearly sunk before we reached the buoy, though at so short a distance.

“ We had not grappled the floating help many minutes, when a boat from the ship came to our assistance ; and although he was nearly dead when we got on board, yet by salutary measures being immediately taken he was brought about : not by hanging him up by the heels to choke, but by laying the body in an inclined position, with the head a little raised and exposed to the air, then cleansing the mouth and nostrils, applying warmth to the soles of the feet and palms of the hands ; the back and breast being gently rubbed with flannel and spirits, while some one breathed into the mouth.

“ This ducking, combined with anxiety of mind, brought on a fever, from which I suffered severely, but was kindly treated both by my messmates and the officers ; for although the latter were so rigorous in the execution of their

duty, yet they sent the sick provisions from their own table every day, besides subscribing largely to the fund which was under the direction of the surgeon, and made use of to furnish appropriate food for them.

“I remained too weak for duty a long time, but was tolerably recovered when we saw the desolate rock of St. Helena rising like a small black cloud from the horizon.

“As we advanced nearer, the signal gun was fired from the fort, which still looked but as an eagle’s nest on the cliffs; and we saw the surf fringing the base of the high and rugged rocks with a white foam.

“The trade wind which renders the island healthy, wafted us gently towards a dark point; to windward of which we hove to, and dispatched a boat with an officer to the governor, to report our nation, name, and business, though the former was already known by signal. The boat soon returned, and, rowing beneath the

dizzy heights, afforded us a curious and diminutive spectacle of the wary significance of man amidst these gigantic scenes of nature.

“ The fort saluted; we bore up, and by means of the eddy-winds and violent gusts, which followed the short calms under the lee of the island, we were twisted to our birth among the fleet, which were at anchor off the foot of James Valley.

“ The neat little town, decorated with straggling cocoa-nut trees, lay in the gap or opening of the high mountain that shaded it, and the two projecting points towards the sea were crowned with batteries; while a considerable line of fortification near to the landing-place guarded the mouth of the vale, off the entrance of which lay two line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and a swarm of Indiamen.

“ Our number had scarcely been demanded by the ship bearing the flag, when we fired a salute, and actually passed within sound of the

band of the frigate from which I had escaped, while the report of the heavy guns of the flagship reverberated among the rocks, in acknowledgment of our more pigmy efforts at salutation."

CHAPTER X.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is necessary here to digress a little from the story, to inform our readers that this part of the master's history relates to a period before St. Helena became the prison or the grave of Napoleon, that wonder of the world, who shot like a brilliant meteor across the political hemisphere, at once to dazzle and to darken, leaving us bewildered at its power ; till

“ His glory, like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.”

The community of the island then consisted

of soldiers, merchants, and slaves ; and although the ladies born and bred there, did not at that time profess to think “ London must be very dull when the China Fleet sailed,” yet the China Fleet was their vortex of delight, and drew them from their stores to participate in the news, the gossipings, and gaieties of this *enormous* accession to their population. On these occasions, their watchings over the poor negro dangling a bait by the side of his canoe to attract the swift albicore, were suspended ; they no longer observed him dodging in the bottom of his frail bark at the sudden appearance of a shark, or marked the address with which he slipped the line off the pole when the bait was taken. No longer the ladies stood gazing from the cliffs for some dear speck on the horizon, or wandered listlessly up the ladders of their rocky hills to contemplate the growing of prickly pears, plantains, guavas, or bananas. No: their attention was more peculiarly fixed on man ; and the poor Negro, with

his canoe filled, according to his own account, with every species of fruit except precisely that which you wished for, and which invariably "Missa Tompson had forgot to put in de Bwot che!" was more watched for the cargo he should bring on shore, and was welcomed according to the forgetfulness occasioned by the sight of red or blue coats, cocked hats, or epaulets.

Their days were spent in a continued change of motley society, while a little jealousy obtruded itself into their evening saloons, by means of the appearance of those ladies who are charitably said, "*à chercher le bonheur*," and uncharitably, "*à chercher les bons hommes*," in a voyage to India; while many fabricated scandalous stories, of officers being seen escaping from port-holes, were confidentially whispered, to the great disadvantage of some of these amiable adventurers. Such was St. Helena at the period from which the Master now continued his story.

“Death is the life of promotion, Harold,” continued he, “and I was put into a vacancy, occasioned by the death of one of the master’s mates, the other midshipmen being too young and inexperienced for the duty; but what was my surprise a few days afterwards, when I learned the captain had brought his commission in his pocket for another ship, and the very officer who had impressed me, stepped on board of us as captain, and charged with dispatches for England.

“The hurry and bustle of preparation for sea, prevented those usual inquiries into the character of officers and men on such appointments, and saved me being exposed, and probably the horror of being given up to be tried, and then flogged round the fleet as a deserter.

“I could not hope to remain unrecognised, and we were scarcely out of sight of the island, when I wrote a letter to the captain, informing him I was the man he impressed a few months before.

“As I then wore the mate’s uniform, he sent

for me into the cabin, and told me, so far as he was concerned, I was safe, though evidently at the risk of his commission; for, as my name would stand as a deserter on the books of the frigate, I was still amenable to the law, should any person think fit to betray me.

“He however afterwards proved an honourable and a kind friend, as I shall hereafter have occasion to relate.

“Nothing remarkable occurred on our voyage home, till we arrived in the chops of the Channel. By our reckoning we were between the Scilly Islands and Ushant; but could discern neither, being enveloped in a thick dripping mist, which prevented us seeing our own mast-heads. There was a moderate breeze, and we were gliding smoothly on, when the sunbeams dispersed, for a few minutes the thick vapour, and showed us a lugger on our weather-bow within gun-shot: ‘She’s about,’ cried several tongues at once, and the bow-guns presently spoke to her in harsh language through the mist: ‘Give her some grape,’

said the Captain, 'our round shot goes over her;' but scarcely had these orders been given, when the dewy curtain again fell, and hid her from our view.

"We had no doubt but it was a French privateer prowling about for our homeward-bound ships; and as the breeze died away, orders were given to prepare the boats in case it should clear up, and muskets, pistols, boarding-pikes, and tomahawks, were put into them.

"An hour of calm had not elapsed when the sun overcame the fog, and showed us, at the same instant, the French land and the lugger sweeping towards it, though she was still not very distant from us.

"The boats were instantly manned, armed, and dispatched, under the command of the first-lieutenant, one of them being entrusted to my charge, and another to the young midshipman whose life I had saved.

"We rowed in a line abreast, having orders to board two on each quarter; and when on

board, to direct our efforts as much as possible in one body, reserving the fire of our pistols till we were actually on the deck.

“As we advanced to the attack, the lugger swept her broadside towards us, and let fly her beam guns, which, though small, were aimed so well that their shot had nearly proved fatal to the pinnacle. One had struck her bow; but with great presence of mind and admirable coolness, the lieutenant called out, ‘Put a plug in, my boys, and give way alongside!’ while at the same instant he sprung forward to obey as it were his own orders, unshipped the oar from the rullock of the dying man who was struck by the shot, and stood erect with his sword in his hand in the bow, cheering his men to the advance, while his steady cockswain rolled his quid, and directed the boat’s course for the quarter of the vessel.

“The Frenchmen, who now seemed to wait the close approach of the boats, slackened their fire, as if to reserve it for one great effort,

while our marines still shot at intervals from the stern sheets, at those who occasionally directed their musketry over the tafrail, under which the dark muzzle of a cannon projected. As the boats came near to the side of the lugger, a rush of fire issued from her guns: the aim was deadly; and when the smoke cleared away, the gallant boy and his boat had sunk to rise no more, but the rest of us were alongside. One rally and we were on her deck, one cheer and she was all our own.

“The tri-coloured flag was plucked from its staff, and the English union hoisted above it. But the loss of lives was considerable, though the capture was so small; and we had little cause to rejoice as we towed the lugger towards our ship, where we were received in the most enthusiastic manner by our shipmates.

“The lieutenant reported so well of my conduct that on our arrival in port, the captain, after questioning me relative to my knowledge of navigation, and the pilotage of the English

Channel, sent for me several days afterwards, and desired that I would pass an examination for master.

“Whether he had written a representation of my case to the admiral of the port, or to the Admiralty, or to some private friends in power, I know not; but, after thanking him for his kindness, I told him all I wished for was my discharge, in order that I might go to my wife.

“He desired me to take a few days to consider of it, as I might not have such another opportunity of advancing myself, and a master’s warrant would at least be a respectable provision for me during life.”

CHAPTER XI.

———“ If sore experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,”
She said, “ alas ! who better learned than I
In that sad school ; methinks, if you would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, ’tis shewn you there !”

SOUTHEY.

“ I HAD written to Mary on our arrival, requesting an immediate answer, and watched anxiously for the boat bringing the letters on the morning I expected a reply. It arrived : a letter with a black seal was put into my hands ; I knew the address to be the writing of my father-in-law, and trembled as I opened it. Here, Harold, take it to the sentry’s lamp and

read it, for it makes my heart ache even to this day."

The lieutenant opened it, and read as follows:—

"DEAR RICHARD,

"I have written again and again to you, in answer to the mournful accounts of your impressment; and it is hard, very hard, after all this, that I too should have to make your heart bleed; but God's will be done, and you must learn to submit;—know and bear the worst: your poor Mary, my sainted daughter, is no more!"

"The ship's flag was hoisted at the signal-post, on our coming near the entrance of the river; and when I landed on the beach, Mary was waiting there to receive us; I had scarcely clasped her in my arms, till she cried, 'But where, oh where is Richard?' From her situation I dreaded to tell her all, and had re-

course to evasion to prevent her going instantly on board the ship, but when we arrived at our cottage I told her the truth.

“She shrieked aloud, and fell back on her chair. The shock was too much for her, and brought on a premature confinement. That night was her last, and you lost your wife and child in the same hour.

“Her dying words were prayers for a blessing on her Richard, and she begged that her Bible might be given to you ; but, be comforted ; she is in Heaven. You are now a lone man in the world, and I a childless one ; but I will be to you as a father, and you shall be to me as a son : you shall comfort my old age, and God will protect us both !”

“I scarcely knew what I did or said, Harold, on the receipt of that letter : I could hardly persuade myself of its reality ; and it was not till reading it over and over again, that such an

horrible conviction of its truth came over my mind, as to throw me into a state of fever, and I could with difficulty attend the summons of the captain, when he sent for me the next day, to inquire if I had decided.

“I was so completely stupified with grief, that on entering the cabin he asked me if I were ill? to which I replied in the affirmative, and gave him the letter to read. I observed he was much agitated as he perused its contents; and turning his head away as he hastily returned the letter, he said, ‘Go away, Sir; I will speak to you by and by:’ but he left the ship almost immediately, and the next day I received this note from him.

“‘SIR,

“‘I am extremely sorry for the distressing circumstances which have occurred since your impressment; and as your conduct, since you have been under my command, has been in every

way praiseworthy, I shall be happy to render you any service which may be in my power.

“ ‘ I believe I have interest enough to procure your discharge, if that is your wish, or to obtain you an appointment as master when you have undergone the proper examination; but under your present circumstances I strongly recommend the latter choice, as active employment in the duties of your profession, may soften the remembrance of the past, and procure you honourable distinction for the future.

I am, Sir,

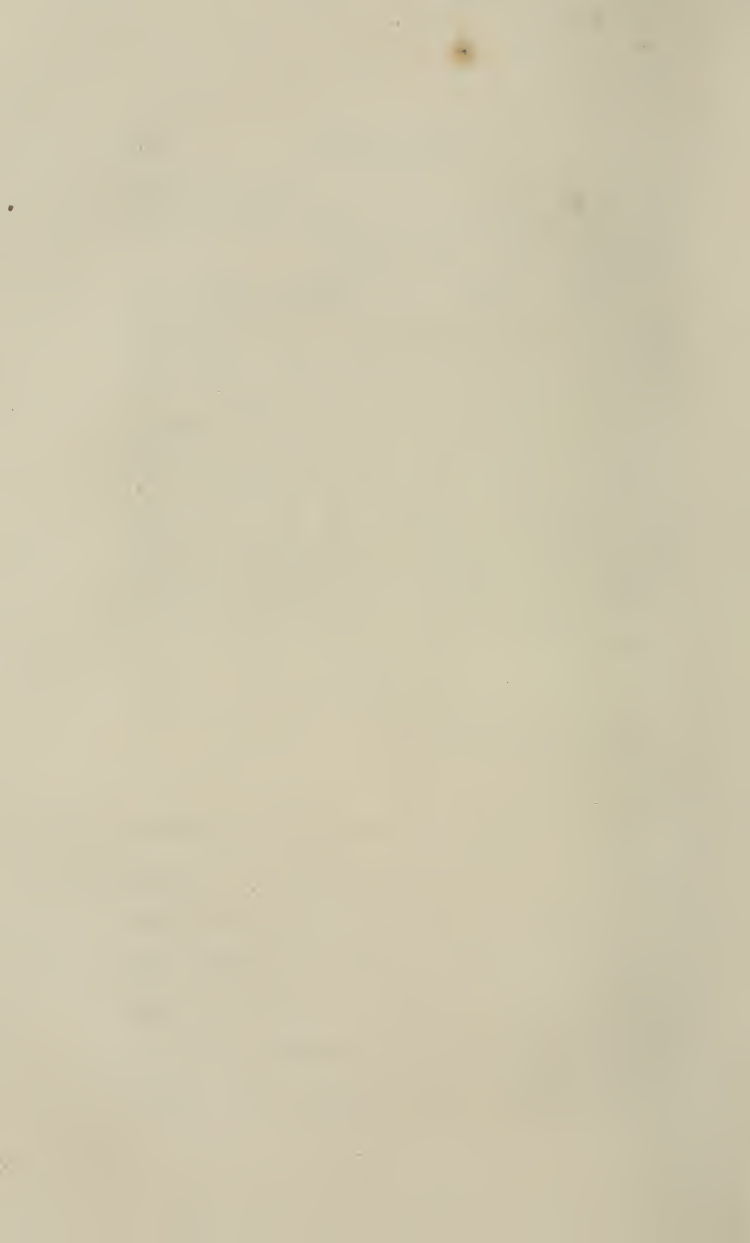
Yours, &c.

GEORGE ROCHDALE.’

“ Seeing nothing but misery before me, I determined to remain in the service, as being likely to be more in the way of losing a life which had then become burthensome to me. After some farther servitude I passed for a master, and received a warrant; since which I have gone the regular round of sloop and fri-

gate, and you find me now master in one of his Majesty's line-of-battle ships.

“Time, though it has removed some of the asperity of past recollections, and partly reconciled me to my destiny, has not subdued memory, or given me back a love of existence; and from what I have told you, Harold, you can scarcely be surprised at it; for, though the wound is closed, a lingering pain remains, which I must be content to suffer to the end of my life.”



THE BOATSWAIN ;

A FORECASTLE YARN, ENDEAVOURED TO BE
SPUN IN NAUTICAL PHRASEOLOGY.

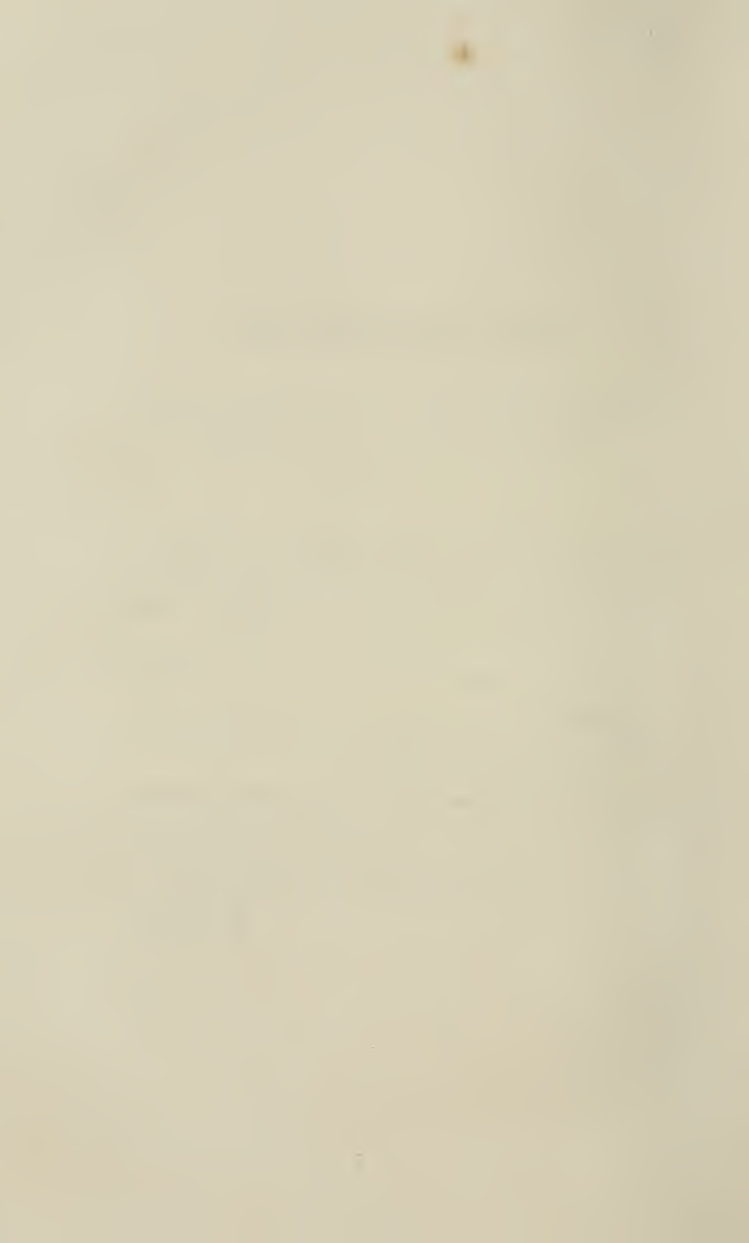
“ Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not drunk ink ; his intellect is not replenished ; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts ;—

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school—
But, omne bene, say I ; being of an old father’s mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.”

SHAKESPEARE.



THE BOATSWAIN,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

He hath not eat paper, as it were.

SHAKSPEARE.

TOM PIPES at this time was a man who had passed the years of maturity, without arriving at those of discretion. He was of the middle size, and his complexion had been darkened and his skin wrinkled by severe service in various climates.

He wore a thick and long cue, not tied so tight as to prevent him shutting his eyes, but just sufficiently so to permit what Tom called in woman a crowfoot, to form at the margins

of them when he blinked, which was frequently.

His friends only accused him of "clipping the King's English;" but high commentators on language insist that he must have been imprisoned for a considerable time, by which he lost the last syllable of many of his words, and, unfortunately for harmony, he had a coarse voice, and was once detected in spelling a word in the middle of a song. He drank grog profusely, and was often seen hovering near the mate of the main-deck at seven bells, when that rum-and-water beverage was preparing.

His character was rough and ready, and his motto might with justice have been "*Nunquam non paratus*;" but the herald had forgotten to record it on his shield, though it was written in legible characters on the shield of his face.

Tom, when he was impressed into his Majesty's service, had taken the "purser's name" literally "*un nom de guerre*" of Thomas Call,

in which his warrant as boatswain was subsequently made out. By some of his equals he was hailed Tom; by others, Pipes; by "those imps of darkness with the curse of God on their collars," as Tom called them, the Mids, he was always designated Tom Pipes; by the lieutenants, the boatswain; and by the captain, Mr. Call.

Mr. Call's name, however, was in reality Thomas Whistle, son of Benjamin Whistle, (carpenter,) as appeared by a certificate in the possession of Elizabeth Whistle (washer-woman).

It was a dreary night in the month of November, when the ship in which Tom was then boatswain, was lying to, under a close-reefed main-topsail, in the Bay of Biscay.

Every precaution had been taken for the security of the masts and yards; and the officers, indifferent to the heavy plunging of the ship, walked the deck holding by ropes led fore and aft for the purpose; while many of the crew

were crouched under the lee of the bulwarks, telling tales of storms and wreck ; and some of the men of the last dog-watch were singing love or lamentable ditties in the neighbourhood of the galley.

The starboard watch had been called and mustered; and Tom, having reported to the captain, as he was wont to do at eight o'clock, that all was right in his "*apartment*," joined company with his brother warrant-officer, the gunner, on the forecastle, who was just at that time listening to the voice of the captain of the main-top, which ascended from the waist in these long-drawn strains ;—

“ And when the wars are over, how happy shall I be,
With my sweet girl, my turtle dove, set smiling under my lee !
Set smiling under my lee—e !”

As the finale of this strain was suddenly drowned by the surge which beat against the ship's side, and the noise of the complaining guns, our two worthies commenced their limited pro-

menade, and, watching the roll of the ship, kept up their pace with but little interruption.

“Gunner,” said Tom, “listen, and I’ll spin ye a yarn about love and lasses, as long as the maintop bowline. Them there ditties puts me in mind of my own sprees; and if ye like a laugh, open that deaf listener of yours, and ye shall hear some of my rigs.

“My mother was a Dutch-built body, with round tucks and bluff bows; and as for her stumps, she had a commission from the Pope, and wore the thickest part downwards; she was a clever *bit* soul in her way too. She could sing Jemmy Linkum Tweedle, and knew to an affy graffy—

“How many heads, eyes, and claws
Had twelve dozen jackdaws,
Two owls, and a cuckoo.’

“My father was a spar of a man, and bent like a Riga stick, though in ordinary as stiff as a steeple. His head, however, was all a-hoo, and topped to port, which my grandmo-

ther vowed was caused by a gliff from a spare topmast of a fellow called the Swiss Giant, whose appearance was foretold to her by a pot-mending, sallow vagabond of a Gipsy, as wizzen'd as a witch, and as dirty a devil as ever told a lie. That 's no fault of mine, you know, Gunner."

" But listen to the voice of love, ye dog !"

CHAPTER II.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore ;
A hardy son of England's farthest shore :
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main ;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair Augusta's port.

FALCONER.

THE Boatswain's pronunciation was beyond the power of letters to imitate, and hailing the Gunner, who was rather deaf, every now and then by the familiar appellations of " You Wad," " You Monkey's Tail," &c. he proceeded in his history, which we shall faintly endeavour to imitate:—

" You know, I'm from the land of black diamonds, Wad. When I was a snifftering

little bowdikite, not bigger than a keelman's Pedee, I was bound on board a collier ; but before I had served two years as cabin-boy, we were wrecked ; and as I had more kicks than halfpence, I cut my stick, and bore up for a rope-maker.

“ I was bound to an old fusty, rickety, broken-winded fellow they called Twist, who never steered a straight course but his legs played rackets ; and when he came from the alehouse, he yawed about like a ship before the wind, and left his mark on both sides of the street ; and, besides being crosjack-eyed, he was nicknamed Eighteenpence, from one eye being as large again as the other.

“ His wife was as ugly as sin, and twice as nasty, though she kept eternally swashing and swabbing the dishclouts about the house. Although they were as rich as Jews, they lived in Rotten Row, a gutter of a place, which just had a peep of the Black Middens.

“ To save the seldoms, (you know what I

mean, Wad? the dibbs, the shiners, ye rascal!) they sent their daughter to service; but how such a pair of old griping curmudgeons came by such a pretty rogue of a daughter, is more than I can tell. They had given her an *edication*, and picked up a novel name for her too, and called her Sophia. She was a beauty, Wad, without paint; and as clean a run fore and aft as a Virginia pilot-boat! Such cat-heads, Wad! and daylights that would pierce a six-inch plank. Her skin was as smooth as velvet; her cheeks as red as a rose; her lips like two cherries cheek-by-cheek; and as for her heels, a real slipper, Wad! none of your Dungarven breed; and then her small laughs and die-away airs, and her monstrous little voice! Oh! had ye but heard it, Wad!

“When I first clapt eyes on her, I was getting on for seventeen, and I felt altogether queerish; but when I touched her hand, there was such a nitty kicked up within my hull as I shall never forget. Yes, I was young then,

Wad! and, though I say it that should not say it, a smartish bit of a lad. (Here the Gunner laughed.) Sophia, for she forbid me to call her Sophy, as it was vulgar! was lady's maid—that is, lady's woman, I should say, (as you shall hear,) to a Squire's wife in the country. And after I became acquainted with her, she came home about once a month, and I used to walk back with her on the Sunday nights. The first, I had a friendly shake of her soft flipper; the second, I kissed it, (the moon here broke from behind a dark cloud, and showed a broad grin on the face of the Gunner as he cried 'hem!'); the third, I kissed her cheek; the fourth, she kissed mine; and the fifth——

“Two months afterwards we were called, or published, as they call it, in church for the first time; and as every Sunday night she had leave to go to the meeting, she spent the time with me in the walks, where she used to spin me yarn upon yarn as ready as ready, all about what had been going on in the week, and many a

time I've laughed at the stories she used to tell of a French valet the Squire had hired into the house.

“Well, Wad, the Sunday that we were first called,—and called we were, unknown to our fathers and mothers,—I got a letter from her in the morning, to say she would not be able to come out that night, and a lot of stuff about the Frenchman, which I will show you when we go below.”

The letter alluded to, which was afterwards shown to the Gunner, ran thus:—

“MY DEAREST THOMAS,

“I told you I would be in the summer-house at eight o'clock to-night; but my mistress is to have company, so I cannot come.

“Since I saw you, the butler told the French valet that I was a widow, and he had somehow or other picked up a slang book in the house; and when Mister Crapaud came to me yesterday, when I was by myself in one of the

rooms, I saw the book in his waistcoat pocket, half open by three of his fingers. ‘Madame,’ said he, ‘I am sorry, vary moach, but on dee, but dey say, Madame, (and I saw him look into his pocket) but—hem !—I am moach sorry vary, dat your husband have kicked de bocket (I tittered ; he looked again into his pocket) ; dat is, Madame, he has hopped de twig, (I laughed) ; dat is, I say, he is gone to Davy’s locker.’ I screamed and ran off in a fit, and he called after me, ‘Mort ! mort ! mort !’ Oh how I laughed, Thomas ! I wish you had been there, and wish you were now here ; but you must not come, as I cannot see you : but I will think of you though : and let my dearest Thomas believe at eight o’clock that I am thinking he is pressing me to his faithful heart, and he will feel as will his true and ever-loving

SOPHIA.”

“ Well, Wad ! I don’t know what came in

my head; but I was so fond of her, that I must needs set off and try to see her.

“It was a fine summer’s night, and there was not wind enough to fill a sky-sail, and on I went the back-way to the place where we used to meet in the summer-house: but as I was nearing it, I thought I heard two voices: I hove to, and listened. It was a mongrel kind of gabble, between English and foreign lingo; but I heard plainly, ‘My sharmant Sofee, I loave you moach, vary moach. Do you loave me, Sofee?’

“‘A little bit, Crapaud,’ said a voice I knew to be Sophy’s, and my listeners were upon the stretch.

“‘A leetel a bit, Sofee! only a leetel a bit, my leetel a dear?’ said the frog-eater, ‘*Parbleu!* only a leetel a bit? Oh, Sofee, Sofee!’

“‘Indeed, indeed!’ said Sophy, with a voice half-stopped by something or another, ‘I love you dearly, Crapaud!’

“ ‘ But, dey tell me, you are going to marry dat man de peoples call Wheesel, or Cheeps, de rope-twister?’ ”

“ ‘ I am going to marry Whistle ; but I shall still love you, Crapaud, if you will not tell.’ ”

“ ‘ Aha ! tell, Sofee ! I have trop of de sentiment for dat : I am so rejoiced, I can not believe myself in England. Aha, Jean Bœuf ! tell, ay !’ ”

“ Their tongues then hove to, Wad ; and I put my head past the moss, and there I saw the arm of the lace-quilted toad-eating knave around her waist, and Sophy planting a kiss upon his sallow jaws !’ ”

CHAPTER III.

“ Oh, cruel Heaven ! that made no cure for love ! ”

“ THIS was too much for mortal man to stand, and I pounced upon the fricasseed ape, and doused him in the twinkling of a bed-post : he showed no fight, and I left him blubbering and bleeding like a crushed toad as he was. Oh ! the herring-built monkey ! Sophy tore her hair and beat her breast like the woman in the play, cast her eyes up, and trembled like a dying dolphin.

“ I was in a precious mess : I looked and liked, backed and filled, and looked again. My heart was veering and hauling, like the pull of a backstay fall, and at last fairly played the tamborine against my side. My mind was in

the Mahlstrom, and my body was in irons. At last something without voice whispered, ‘She is a snake in the grass,’ and I boxed off and bore up under all sail.

“Never poor soul passed such a night as I did, Wad. I ran to the cliff, and, I do believe, would have thrown myself over, but for the sight of a gentleman and lady who were below, and, as the people used to say, went there to study marines botherme, or some such things. May ye never be in such a stew as I was, Gunner !

“I went to the church-yard, and wandered about like a ghost seeking lodgings, and then to the old rags of walls they call the Abbey ; when a fellow in the dark, with no name, hailed me from a pipeclayed place, to be off.

“Where was I to be off to ? ‘Well,’ says I to myself, ‘this is a pretty kettle of fish : I must box my pumps or the parish will have hold of me ; so on I steered for my master’s door, and waited till old Hannah opened it. ‘Where

have ye been, ye ill-farren, useless bowdikite !' said she, as she swashed the dishclout about my lugs, and I run into the fusty corner they used to cram me into to roost ; but while the good wife was grumbling and bellowsing away at the fire, and old Eighteenpence lay snorting in bed, I packed up my duds and bundled away to the beach, neck and crop. 'No no !' thinks I to myself, 'none of your two-faced craft for me ! none of your cuckoo birds that will lay in any nest ! A splice is a splice, but none of your granny's knots with rotten rope yarns, say I.'

"It was early in the morning, and there was nothing stirring but Shields' lasses crying fresh fish, though they stunk mortally. The coal catchers, with red legs and ragged petticoats, were running, up to the middle, along the sand ridge, picking up the black diamonds, though the tide run past them like a sluice. I don't know how it was, Gunner, but I thought every face seemed to know me ; and I believe I got a cable tier kink in my neck then by keeping

my head down, that I have never got rid of it since. The wherry whipped me alongside the Nancy in a jiffey, where a bear of a fellow called me a scampish vagabond; and, fixing his eyes on me like a ferret, with a look as black as thunder, he shipped me, saying, ‘If I could handle a rope as well as I could spin a yarn, he should make something of me.’

“ Old Blowhard was a regular-built beast of a fellow, though a thorough-bred seaman; and although he wiped his own nose with the corner of the table cloth, he was going to throw a dirty brute of a passenger overboard for washing his tooth-brush in the water-cask. The only decent words I ever heard him speak was when the ship cleared the Bar, and he looked at his wife and children on the beach and muttered, ‘God bless *ye*.’”

“ The cook, an old man-of-war’s-man, used to call me a lubber of a Tom Packenham’s boy, a Mother Carey’s chicken, and all kinds of infernal crooked names; so that when the ship

arrived at London, what with pulling and hauling, holding on and easing off, handing and unhanding, a few buffetings and a thousand oaths, I was sick of the ship and the sea, and I again cut and run, leaving old Blowhard, as I had done Eighteenpence, snorting in bed.

“That she-devil, Sophy, though as worthless a bleacher as ever stepped in shoe-leather, was still in my mind, and upset every thing, and made me bouse up my jib to drive away sorrow: and as I had some money, I was determined to see Lunnen and the lions. I went to the top of St. Paul’s, and thought I had seen it all; but there, Wad, it is just like looking at the hull from the cross-trees, without knowing all the rigs that are carrying on between decks: so off I goes to the playhouse, and got among the gods, as our officers call the people in the gallery. They were kicking up ‘Bob’s a Dying,’ and I saw little and heard less, except ‘*Sancho! Sancho!* oranges, porter, and ginger pop.’ The next night I mustered three shillings, and went

to the pit among the fine gentlemen and ladies ; but what a rascally squeeze we had to get in ! I was jammed like Jackson, between two of the petticoat tribe, and I did not care how long it lasted ; but they did not seem to like my company, for I had a hole in my coat, and a belcher about my neck : and when we got in, though all the rest were crowded, they left as much room on both sides of me, as if I had been commodore of a fleet of small craft.

“ I did nothing but look at a girl in the boxes like Sophy ; but she never looked at me, though she nickered on a mimini-pimini, white-livered kind of fellow near me. For my part, I never could make out what she saw in him or on him. He was as lean as a starved spider, and might have crept under the lee of a rope-yarn ; his neck was set so taut in white buckram, that his eyes seemed starting from their sockets ; and when he turned his griped carcase on the pivot of his hips to look at me, he touched his nose with his upper lip, twinkled

his whitey-blue eyes like a dying hen, and rubbed his smooth chin with a long, white, skinney, crowfoot-kind of finger rigged out with a brass hoop as yellow as a guinea.

“Wad, I had been drunk and adrift the night before, and had nearly fallen asleep, when a painted monkey of a fellow on the stage said—

‘Canvass sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain,
A beastly rug and a flock bed :—
Am I awake, or is it all a dream?’

which brought me to my senses, for I thought he knew me; and I’ll be hanged if I did not think I had seen the fellow’s phiz: but it was al a farce, you know, Wad !”

CHAPTER IV.

LUNNEN TOWN.

“WELL ! I soon found *Lunnen*, as the song says, ‘to be the devil.’ My money began to fail me ; for, whenever I thought on Sophy, I ran to the public-house, partly from anger, partly from thirst, and partly from fear of thinking more. Every morning I found myself lower in body, money, and mind. All the pretty faces which I used to look and laugh on, now seemed to tell me what a precious scoundrel of a fellow I was. I pawned my last shirt, and then went to seek work in the rope line ; but no one would even look at me, without a character from my last master.

“ ‘No, no!’ said one, ‘the parish is stocked with too many of your breed already! We have scamps enough to look after, without enlisting a parcel of strolling rascals into our service. Go to the bogs of your fathers, Pat. Tear up your mosses and sow wheat, ye villain! Learn, like your Scotch neighbours, to live on porridge and potatoes, till your soil is tilled to grow herbs for broth and food for cattle. Bid your witty rascals of countrymen leave off cracking jokes, bottles, and heads; and stay to plough and sow, that they may reap without signing post obits. Bid them talk less of domains and castles, and think more of the ragged reality of their country, that Nature intended to be rich by the talents of her generous people, and the fertility of her soil. Bid them labour, that they may enjoy profit and rest, and let none of them think they are off duty.’

“ ‘I ’m no Irishman,’ said I.

“ ‘You ’re no Englishman,’ said he. ‘Be

off! and remember idleness covers a man with nakedness.—Oh the Irish hound!

“In a few days after that, I was regularly hard up in a clinch; not a skirrick in my pocket, and but little on my back; and reduced to what I am now almost ashamed to tell *ye*, Wad,—to beg!

“My first trial was to a well-powdered old gentleman in black, who trudged it along as stiff as a crutch. He did not turn his head even to look at me, but said, ‘Go work, young man; I never encourage idleness!’ My next was what we call a black-stocked blood in a blue frock. ‘Pray, Sir,’ said I—and ‘Pray, Sir,’ said he, looking through a thingumbob, ‘be off! be off!’ as big as Belcher, by Jove! The next was an old bleacher of a woman with butter in a basket, and a little suttie dog in a string; she looked, stopped, ‘Stay, Midge,—here,’ and sticking her fingers into the side of the butter, dislodged a farthing, gave it to me, licked her fingers, and made sail.

“Then came fleets of girls rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, with girths as taut as the string of a pudding poke, coming like streamers against the wind, but with their canvass flat aback against the mast, and steering to a small helm. Gathering way as they came near me, some sheered to port, and some to starboard—‘Pray,’ again said I; but all I got was ‘No, no! nothing for you, *young* man,’ ‘*young feller*’—‘idle creature’—‘dirty man’—‘don’t be troublesome’—‘go away, Sir!’

“Then a porky man, with a ledger under his arm, denied me by ‘No, no, my fine fellow! paid seven and sixpence three-farthings in the pound poor-rates, already! Work, work, you lazy scoundrel, work!’

“At last comes the white-faced hawbuck I saw at the play:—‘Pray Sir,’ said I again. ‘What’s your name, fellow?’ said he; and raising his left yellow-hooped fingers to his chin, he put his right into his pocket, and brought forth a card:—and then giving it to me, sheered

off, shutting his whitey-blue eyes as aforesaid. I read the card, and there was printed on it ‘Mend—Mendi—Mendici—Oh I forget—some kind of long-named society, and I was to take it myself; but there was an N. B. staring me in the face—desiring that it might be given to none but beggars, which fairly clinched the matter, and I was ashamed to deliver it. The night was now coming on, the weather was cold and bleak, and the smoke, like the Devil’s Tablecloth at the Cape, was hanging over the town. I had no money but the greasy farthing, and nothing on me that I could sell. The woman where I lodged, had given me warning to look no more near her house, ‘a beggar as I was.’ I was sitting on one of the steps of the Court of Chancery,* as the Irishman who began to talk to me, told me it was, when one of his

* We presume the Boatswain meant one of those tenantless, windowless houses so common in the outskirts of the metropolis, stuck over with notices of Warren’s Blacking—“Hunt for ever”—Play Bills and Lottery Schemes, with due warning to “Stick no Bills.”

comrades, with a broom in his hand, hailed me. 'Now what are *ye* doing there, boy? Sure you have but a could birth of it now! If you'll be after coming with me, I'll give you a dhrop of the crater, to comfort your bowels, boy!'—'I have no money,' said I.—'And who the devil asked you for money now? and here's three-pence for you, boy. Ah, but it's a swate heavenly thing to beg, sure! And why don't you take a broom in your hand now: it will save you the use of tum and tongue, and keep you without the law, boy! I was tired of digging in the bowels of the river, and of the black jokes of the black jocks, but I have been an angel ever since I had a broom in my fist. Now, do as I do, boy! I'll engage it will cram your maw and save your breath.' Dermot then took me to a corner house in the Seven Dials, where we got half drunk, and then reeled to his lodgings, where Phelim, Terry, and Larry, were singing 'Hugga ma fain, and Sour a lin,' and were like to fight about Shelah their landlady.

“ We all slept in one room, on flat bags of straw, covered with blankets.

“ ‘ Come, are you going, or are you going to stay ?’ said Dermot at daybreak ; ‘ but mind, do as I bid you, boy—pick up a few *tinpennies* with your broom ; then buy a hurdy-gurdy that will grind Garry Owen, or any other handsome tune, till you get enough to buy an elegant leg of mutton for your supper :—good luck to you, boy !’

“ I thanked Shelah for my lodging : she said I was *wilcome* ; and if I could not do better, I might come back.

“ When I got out of the house, I was never more at a loss what course to steer ; but, by chance, took to the eastward, which, after an hour and a half, brought me in sight of the Tower and the Thames, where I hovered about all day.

“ As nightfal came on, and I had had a regular *banyan* day of it, I became drowsy,

and sat down on a plank, near the moat of the Tower.

“ How long I had been there before the watchman kicked me with his foot, I don’t know ; but an elderly man, who had seen him, asked me if I were sick, and if he could help me home. I was so stupid and bewildered, either with cold or hunger, that I could scarcely answer.

“ ‘ Where ’s your home ? ’ said he.

“ ‘ Any where,’ said I.

“ ‘ What are you ? ’ said he.

“ ‘ Nothing,’ said I.

“ ‘ What have you been ? ’ said he.

“ ‘ A sailor, a ropemaker, a sailor again—and then——:’ but the word ‘ beggar’ choked me.

“ ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ though I don’t make a practice of shipping strollers, you may come on board my ship, which is lying off the stairs here, and prick for the softest plank : it will

scarcely be harder than that you are on, for you seem in a precious mess.'

"I had a platter of beef and biscuit set before me, and then a sail given me to caulk it out on, under the half deck.

"In the morning the master of the ship, for it was he who brought me on board, sent for me, and asked concerning my life. I only told him so much of my story as suited me, leaving Sophy out of the way, as well as my real name, and place of birth. I offered to serve him honestly if he would trust me.

" 'Well,' said he, 'I'm going to do what I never did in my life before,—and I don't know well why,—to buy a pig in a poke: you shall be bound to me, Master Thomas Twist, to keep you from the pressgang: but, by the Lord Harry! if you play any of your pranks with me, I'll twist the scamp's blood out of you.'

"I was accordingly bound; but how he managed about sureties and indentures I know nothing, as I had only three years to serve him.

“I had never cause to repent, for he behaved as a father to me.

“At first, the men thought I was deaf, from not answering readily to the name of Twist; but as it gradually sunk into that of Tom, I recovered my hearing.”

CHAPTER V.

Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Whirling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd ;
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode.

FALCONER.

“ WELL, Wad ! I remained in the same ship, in the North-country-trade, till I had nearly served my time ; and never was a trade fitter for making seamen. Many’s the wintry night I’ve been half-frozen in the main-*change* heaving the lead, in threading that infernal Swin. That’s the place, Gunner, for learning the use of your backbone, and good ground tackle. There’s nothing in the shape of sea like it, for showing a man how to grope his way in the dark, to handle a marlinspike, twist a

fox, and rig a Spanish windlass: as for your gigamarce jimcracks, I'll say nothing about them; but for regular-built sailors, Jacks are the boys. They are not so frisky as your southern lads on pea-soup and bits of mahogany; but give them beef and beer, grog and growl, they'll work like dray-horses, and fight like fury;—but, as I was saying, Wad, it was about a month before I had served my time out, when beating up the Swin, we went bang on the Gun-fleet-sand, smash went the masts by the board, and in the twinkling of a bed-post, Peggy's bows were stove in. She was pooped a dozen times, then slewed round on her fore-foot, and down she went on her beam-ends, and bilged. The wind was against the tide, and the sea was knocking about like wildfire. We had no hope but the longboat, and not much in that. The master and three men were gone with the masts, and the rest of us were trying to cut the lashings of the boat on the booms; but as the gale began to moderate, we resolved to stick

by the wreck. Several vessels passed us in the night : we hailed and shouted, but the noise of the wind and sea drowned our voices : none heard or saw us, and none could have helped us if they had.

“ The weather-bulwark was stove in, and we were crouched under the lee of the booby-hatch. The tide had now turned, the water was smoother, and there was less wind. As the day broke we saw a large ship coming before the wind. It was bitterly cold, and we crept out from our shelter, like half-drowned rats from the brae side in a frosty morning, with icicles hanging to our hair, and showed our ensign union down on a boathook over the stern ; but our hearts sunk within us as the ship neared us, and we heard the watch piped to shorten sail. Tom Smith swore he would rather be drowned than pressed, and lugged in the ensign from the stern ; but it was too late, they had seen us. Up went their colours, down run the jib, and as she luffed-up, and her main-topsail

came to the mast, a whacking frigate showed her long black tier of grinders with red muzzles, and out flew a switching pendant from the truck.

“A boat was sent to us, and in less than a quarter of an hour every man jack of us were on board of her; and she bore up before the wind, and so we left the ribs and trucks of poor Peggy to look after themselves.

“The frigate was short of hands, and they looked upon us as a good prize; and in less than a dog-watch we were on the watch-bill, birthed, stationed, hammocks slung, and, moreover, a grinning leaf-turner had us down in Nipcheese’s book, where dead men chew tobacco, Wad.

“The frigate belonged at that time to old Paddy Russel’s squad of North Sea Grunters, and many a prayer we sent up to get away from wintry nights and wet watches.

“We had plenty of fresh fish, but no fun; although I must tell you, Wad, I was nearly

catching toko for yam, for playing Noah, though it was against my will.

“It was in the spring, Wad; the fleet had hove to, to trawl; but may be you’ve not seen them trawling? but I’ll tell you. We had a large pudding-poke kind of net, with the broad end spread out on a sixteen feet spar, with heavy irons at both ends; a hawser was run through a snatch-block on the quarter of the main-yard, and then fastened to the middle of the beam. Well, as I was saying, the signal was made to trawl, the main-topsail was hove to the mast, and the squadron was in one line ahead. The trawl was put overboard, and veered to the bottom, and as the ship drifted to leeward, it was dragged along near to it.

“I happened to be cook of the mess that day, which I’m going to tell you about; I had blown them out with lobscouse and doughboys; and though they swore the pieces of pork in the scouse were not within hail of each other, I had, as you know is the custom, the plush of

the grog ; and, as I used to like to be merryish now and then in a way, I, like a fool, bought Tom Smith's allowance for mine the next day. After we had been mustered at quarters, and the hammocks down, I went and freshened hawse with a nip of Tom's grog, that was stowed away in a bladder, and was as happy as a lord, wrapped up in a pea-jacket for a caulk in the waist, when the boatswain's-mate piped ' watch up trawl.'

" The bell had just gone one in the first watch, and it was dark. The lobster fifer turned up his whistle, and up we were lugging it, stamp and go, when, by the Lord Harry ! I run foul of the Samson's port, and was all but jammed in the snatch-block. Well, Gunner, the trawl was just swinging alongside the ship, on the edge of the water, when I must needs thrust my herring-neck over the gangway netting. All of a sudden the ship seemed to whiz round and round, the sea struck fire, and I fetched way bang overboard into the trawl.

“ As I said before, it was dark, and, as they afterwards told me, though they heard the splash, they could not make out what it was ; but when the trawl was landed on the gangway, and a lantern brought to look at the fish, there I was sprawling among holybut, turbot, skate, soles, and old maids. It was a slushy affair, Wad ; and Mr. Noah, as they afterwards nicknamed me, was put in irons. Were ye ever in limbo, Gunner ? it ’s a cramped piece of business, I can tell you ; and no joke to do nothing, and be without grog. There was an Irishman in company with me, but he could not joke without whisky ; and, besides, he said he had no hope of getting off, as this was his second birthday that month on which he had been drunk and saucy, besides having C. P.* against his name when he came into the ship.

* C. P. means civil power—a very uncivil force, which clears the land by loading the sea with vagabonds.

CHAPTER VI.

“ A hundred virtues speak less loudly than one crime.”

“ Two days afterwards, the hands were turned up to punishment, our irons were knocked off, and we were conveyed by the master-at-arms and a marine to the gangway, where the grating was already rigged.

“ The men were all up and looking on, and the marines were ranged along the gangway with fixed bayonets. At the front of the quarter-deck, you know, Gunner, stood all the officers in cocked-hats and sidearms. Then comes the captain with the articles of war in his hand, looking marlinspikes, and calls poor Paddy. ‘ I am going to punish you,’ says he,

‘for drunkenness, insolence to your superior officer, and neglect of duty :—strip, Sir. Seize him up!’ and Paddy was accordingly secured, hands and legs, to the grating. Then all, with one consent, pulled off their hats, and the captain read the articles of war against drunkenness, et cetera, as the scholars say. ‘Boatswain’s-mate, do your duty,’ says he; and switch comes the cat-o’-ninetails on the bare back of poor Paddy. He called aloud for countryman’s-sake to be forgiven. ‘This is not your first offence, Sir: you Irish make good soldiers, but rascally bad sailors; and no countryman shall spoil the discipline of my ship: besides, I have a devilish good mind to flog you for swearing.’ Paddy received his three dozen, and was then cast off.

“ ‘Thomas Call,’ said the captain, and I stood forth. The captain then spoke to the first lieutenant, and to the officer who had the watch when I fell into the trawl; and then says he to me, ‘As there appears some doubt whether

you were half-drowned or half-drunk, and as this is the first complaint against you, I shall forgive you; but beware of coming before me again: release him, master-at-arms: go to your duty—pipe down.’

“Never note sounded so sweet in my ears, Gunner; not even Sophy’s ‘Darling Thomas, I love you evermore,’ which still haunts me.

“As there was too bright an eye kept on us in the frigate to think of escape, I thought I might as well take the bounty, and be rated A. B., as be *made* a volunteer of; so accordingly I did so, and was put in the main-top, and was soon a weather-earing-man.

“We had capital treatment in that craft, Gunner: we were never disturbed at meal-times, nor put to niffy-naffy work, but were kept taut at it; every man knew what he had to expect: a look was as good as a word—a word as a blow. No palaver, no humbug; every bloodsucker and skulker caught toko, as

sure as ever they came any of their C. P. tricks, or half-and-half manœuvres.

“ We could close-reef, and that well too—for, you know, that makes all the difference—in four minutes, and sink a puncheon with our main-deckers. Such a craft was not likely to be kept grunting long, and we were soon ordered away to the southward.

“ Well, Gunner, I ’ll not bother you with the lots of cruises we had in the Channel, chasing privateers, and retaking merchantmen, for which we got but little ; as the head-money was almost swallowed up by lawyers and brokers in condemning the small hulls of luggers, and the salvage money for the merchantmen would scarcely raise a cruise.

“ At last we were ordered off to the Mediterranean, and in crossing the Bay of Biscay we gave sheet to a vessel which was yawing about like Old Eighteenpence, or a ship without a rudder ; hoisting colours, letting fly sheets and halyards, in a way of which we had no notion,

and regularly puzzled us to understand. We soon overhauled her, run up alongside, and hailed. One man took up the speaking-trumpet to answer, another knocked him down, bawled out 'Ahoi!' and then threw the speaking-trumpet overboard, his hat into the air, and danced on the deck. Another fellow answered — 'Bilboa!' 'Where are you from?' 'Bilboa!' 'Where are you bound?' 'Bilboa!' 'What have you got in?' 'Bilboa!' The boat to which I belonged was sent aboard of her; and will *ye* believe it, Gunner! a thing I never saw in my life before at sea, every man and mother's son were as drunk as fiddlers; some dancing, and some howling like seals in the surf, or Irish-cryers at a wake. The Captain lay speechless on the deck, and the mate was little better: they were Spaniards, and, as it fell light winds, we remained on board of her till the Don came to his senses; but he knew no more which way they had been steering, than an owl in the sun. The officer gave him our latitude and

longitude; and a breeze springing up, the boat returned, and the frigate made sail.

“ Three days afterwards, we were caught by a sniffling north-easter, and were making the best of it under single-reefed topsails and courses, going large ten knots clean off the reel. It was a dark and rainy night, and it was my turn at the weather-wheel. The officer of the watch was trudging it along, jerk, jerk, jerk, in his wet shoes, and had just hailed the fore-castle to keep a good look out ahead, when crash went the ship against something in the hollow of the sea. ‘ Down with the helm !’ cried the Lieutenant; but there was nobody at it. I was thrown clean over the wheel; and when I got on my feet, I just had a glimpse of a vessel’s masts that was sinking, and heard a horrible shriek, as the waves closed over her. One man only lived to tell the tale; it was his watch, and he grappled our fore-channels. Our bowsprit was carried away; we

showed lights, but neither heard or saw more of man or ship.

“ We had enough to do to save the foremast, and next day we saw the Rock of Old Gib, as large as life, lording it over the rest of the land, and we anchored before nightfall in the mole.

“ You have heard, Gunner, that the nickname of Gibraltar is a Key to the Mediterranean Sea. I expected that the tiers of grinders peeping out of the dark rock holes, would be thickest towards the sea, and that the shot would range across the passage. No such thing, Wad; the heaviest batteries front the Spanish land, pointing over a low, sandy, scorching plain, called the neuter ground, on which there is more fighting than any place in Europe.

“ There is nothing to be seen for your money at Old Gib, but sogers, Jews, and monkeys; and, after our head and cutwater were repaired,

and a new bowsprit rigged, we joined the Toulon Fleet.

“ We had a precious long spell of it there, and were as sick of Cape Sicie and Toulon, as we had been of Camperdown and the Texel: plenty of work for the bunting men; nothing but chasing without fighting, and telegraphing without knowing what it was about; when one day our signal of recall was made, and we ran down under all sail, and, passing under the stern of the three-decker bearing the admiral’s flag, we took in every stitch to the topsails at one pipe. The skipper was as pleased as punch, and away he went in his gig on board the admiral’s ship.

“ I was playing chequers on the lid of the top-chest when the boat came back, and I heard the hands turned up, ‘ make sail,’ and we were under a crowd in a crack, standing away from the fleet.

“ The quartermaster at the cun heard the captain tell the first lieutenant we were going

direct to England with dispatches, and it soon spread through the ship ; and at grog-time there was nothing but wives and sweethearts going, and reckoning up our pay.

“ Well, Wad, when we got to Spithead, the ship was ordered into the harbour to be paid off, and we were drafted on board a seventy-four going to America.

“ After we had received our pay, a few of us, who had brought good characters, were allowed to go on shore for twenty-four hours : an extraordinary thing, you know, as the ship was to sail in a few days. Well, I ’ve had many a precious cruise in my days, but never such a one as that in Point Street. Will you believe it? May I never breathe more, if it is not true ! I did not get out of Point Street, where I was taken in tow, drank gin and beer till I was blind drunk ; and never believe me again, if I did not come on board the next day robbed, penniless, with a split nose (look at the mark), and a pair of black eyes to boot. How I came

by my mourning, I know no more than a child ; but, what was worse than all, the Jews had complained of me not paying for my slops, and made me give up a new pea-jacket and a R. D. B. L. hat,* which I had on tick ; so that I was right glad when we unmoored, roused our last anchor to the bows, and got our tacks on board for Yankey-town."

* Initials sometimes seen on the inside of leather hats, as being commendatory of their durability, but which sailors amuse themselves by translating much to their disadvantage.

CHAPTER VII.

——— Fly in Nature's face !

But how, if Nature fly in my face first ?

'Then Nature's the aggressor. Let her look to 't.

DRYDEN.

“ JEWS and all were soon forgotten, and we were as merry as crickets, expecting some fun among the Jonathans, having got one of Nelson's boys over us, and, by the Lord Harry ! he did not disappoint us ; for we did nothing but burn, sink, and destroy, till we got the name of Devils, and he, that of a pirate of a Blue-beard. But we knew well enough that we were only acting in what they call *rat-liation* for the burning of some of our villages in Canada.

“ We had plenty of smashing work of it, as many a poor soul of a Yankee about the Che-

sapeak can tell : but we were made sogers of, Wad, and drilled in squads on the gangways : look at that freckled scar on my left cheek—I'm no great hand at a musket, that's certain ; but not altogether such a lubber as to burn another man's whisker off with the flash of his pan, as a big he brute of a Yorkshireman did mine, when we were firing in double files. I dropped my musket like a hot murfey, and turned round upon him ; but the blackguard laughed at me, and the officer slued away to prevent a titter, and that's all the redress I had for my larboard whisker. The Yorkshireman, however, had better have swallowed one of your monkey's tails, Wad. He was put into the black list, and had a precious spell at wringing swabs, pounding cocoa, and polishing blaying pins. But I must tell you, Gunner, of the three principal spells I had against the Yankees :—The first was at Washington ; the second, near Baltimore ; and the last, near that infernal swamp, New Orleans.

“ Our first trip was a regular-built *poser* to the Nathans. We landed on the banks of the Patuxent, at a place they call Benidick, or Bounidick, or some such name, among *Virginny* weeds, backy, briars, flowers and woodbine, rigged out in regular soger fashion, with canteens, knapsacks, and such like lumber.

“ The boats of the fleet went up towards the flotilla at the same time ; but Barney and his men took to the land, and sent sixteen out of the seventeen of his gun-boats into the air, flying like their own torpedos.

“ The first night was no joke ; the sky was as black as a hearse, the thunder roared, and the camp was now and then red with the flashes of lightning ; the rain fell in torrents, and the camp-fires burned dim ; and there was nothing to be heard among us, but a confusion of mad voices, as wild as the winds, that twisted about in every point of the compass, so that the lee-side of a tree became the weather one in an instant. The bullocks which had been driven

in to be killed, were roaring, and the horses neighing ; while straggling sogers were scudding about in search of the baggage-waggons. There's fun for you, Wad !

“ In the morning we were cold and wet, and stiff as mail-coach horses newly harnessed ; but off we went to the sound of bugles, fifes, and drums, among weeds, woods, and Indian corn ; and before grog-time we were puffing and blowing like roarers. Sometimes rousing the guns up the hills, sometimes stealing peaches out of the orchards, and when our canteens were empty, taking a swig out of the ruts on the road ; grilled as we were by a sun that would scorch a centipede ; but the worst of all, Wad, was blistered feet and empty bread-baskets.

“ One day was much like another, till we came in sight of the Jonathans, posted in two lines on the heights near Bladensburg. There was a deep, but narrow stream, and a bridge between us ; (the eastern branch of the Poto-

mack ;) their artillery fronted the bridge, and their black muzzles were open upon it. The officers, with their glasses, could see them looking along the wooden point-blank grooves on their guns, and training them towards the bridge.

“ The rocketers threw a few of Master Congreve’s best among them, and the 85th regular-built boys advanced along the bridge ; then comes a shower of shot as thick as hail-stones, and hissing through the air like snakes, sweeping away all before it, and almost cleared the bridge of men and stones ; but Nathan had Wellington’s men to deal with : on they went, over dead and wounded, spread out on both sides, run breast-high against the hill, and a long drawn fire of musketry, gave a short-winded cheer, for we had marched eleven miles under a hot sun before we showed them our steel, and the Yankees fell back, line upon line, and off they went, tag-rag and bob-tail, for the main road to Washington.

“Many a death-warrant was sealed that day, Wad. Poor Barney was wounded and taken, along with all his cannon; and he would only be carried by sailors to the house where his wound was to be dressed.

“And there was poor Frank, my soger shipmate, as merry and brave a fellow as ever stepped, lying a corpse among the dead and dying Americans. He had been desperately wounded in the advance, but staggered on till he came to the spot the enemy had left; there he stumbled over some dead bodies; then reeling for a moment, let fall his arms, dropped down, and died. An American, who had been shot in the side of the head, found a dying pillow on Frank’s breast; his hat was off, the blood had trickled over my shipmate’s white belt, and his clotted, gory locks, which had been rolled about in the agonies of death, were now glued with blood to poor Frank’s red jacket.

“And there was the Colonel of our leading

regiment, fairly cried for vexation that he could not get on as fast as his men, after he was wounded.

“The General and the Admiral, Gunner, were sworn brothers; always together, cheek by jowl, and headed us on to Washington.

“We stood much in need of some of those fine-laced cutty-coated regiments, that caper about on prancing horses, and dance at dignity balls in England, to give chase to the Jonathans; but lacking these, we made sail on our stumps, and did not bring up till nightfall, on a plain near the city. They say the General was nearly killed by a fire of musketry from a house as he advanced, for he was always ahead; but I saw him and the Admiral, by the glare of light from the burning Rope-walk, Dock-yard, and Law-making house, looking death to the Yankees. There was nothing but thunderings and crashes all night long; a frigate on the stocks and the bridge were de-

stroyed, and the fires spread a red light over the plain.

“The next day showed us something of the city; a straggling, wide, and straight-streeted place, by the side of a river, in sight of low hills and wild woods.

“The roosting-place of our party, was a wooden-barn well filled with straw; no feather-bed was ever welcomer to me. I was fast locked in the arms of Murphy, as the scholars say, when one of those regular-blow the bellows sneering gusts of wind nearly unroofed us, and we came tumbling down from the mow, stock and fluke, one over the other.

“The bugles sounded, and we heard the drums that were nearest to us, but could not see five yards for the dust that was twisting and *twirling* about like eddies of mist.

“‘Handle your arms, and form the line!’ was the word. And there we stood to be pelted by dirt and dust in wholesale, though scarcely able to keep our feet. But it was a wise ma-

nœuvre, for the Jonathans know how and when to take advantage, and they were but in their woods waiting for more men and an opportunity.

“ Many of the buildings that were set fire to had fallen in the squall, and trees were torn up by the roots, and by the time the day was over the work was done.

“ Oh, Wad! your old Sally would have cried to have seen the fine curtains and the gold fringe that the fire got hold of; and, faith, I was almost crying myself, to see so many poor souls, who had never seen a shot fired, mangled and groaning at Bladensburg.

“ At night, fires were lit along the line, and we weighed, made sail, and off we went bowling before it.

“ It’s queer work, slashing through the woods in the dark; and we stopped as little as it was possible till we reached our ships, and grappled our messmates’ hands.

“ This was holding the Yankees cheap as

dirt. To walk into the bowels of the land, tear out its heart, and be off.—And it was so !*”

* It may be necessary to remark, that Tom neither knew nor cared about the cause of the attack on Washington. He had heard people talk of the Americans burning villages in Canada, and that the present measure was one of retaliation ; but it was quite immaterial to him, whether the destruction of the public buildings of the American capital was considered as the act of barbarians, and unworthy of a civilized nation, or an exploit of a justly incensed country against a presumptuous foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

On came the whirlwind like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest's blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew ! SCOTT.

“THE next spell I had as a *soger*, Wad, was at a battle near North Point, Baltimore. We had but a small force. The bombs were to go up the river, and the *sogers*, the marines, and small-arm-men, as they called us, (though our arms were thicker and stronger than any of the gang,) were to advance by land.

“We landed well and easily, but had not been three hours on shore till we were ordered to chase three Yankee-horsemen, that were scudding about in the wood. They were, at

last, surrounded and taken prisoners, and turned out to be young kind of merchants, or yeomen, or what do you call those volunteer-kind of chaps, that play at soldiers, and are so fond of good drink, and flourishing their swords by moonlight in England. Well, Wad, they say, that when they were brought to the Admiral, who, I must tell you, rode on horseback and wore spurs, he told them he was sorry they had fallen into our hands so early in the fight, as they would lose an opportunity of *extinguishing* themselves.

“They were unshipped from their horses, which soon found fresh masters ; for even when we took the dobbins out of the farm-yards, there was always plenty of lobster officers waiting for them : adjutants, and such like fellows, that ‘ must have them, as their station required ; ’ or some lazy artillery-man who claimed them to drag a gun, but put them to carry a canteen ; and after running the risk of being tucked up by the provost on his black horse, we were just

where we started, on foot, lugging along our blanket, canteen, and haversack, parbuckling the guns up the hills, or out of the ruts, in weather that would grill a scorpion.

“Well, Gunner, as I was saying, we hove to under the shade of some trees, after half a day’s march. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that I was nearly picked off by a rifleman when among the branches of a peach-tree throwing the fruit to my shipmates on the road: these snakes in the grass were eternally letting fly from behind the bushes.

“We had not dodged long, when orders were given to stand on our pins again, and shift our bob. On we went: presently, bang, bang, goes a shot or two ahead, and as we marched between two lines of wood, we passed somebody covered over with a cloak, and an officer standing by him. It was the General. I knew his horse by his broad nostrils, and the colour of his head.

“There was a short halt till the next in

command laid his plans for fight ; as the Yankees were twigg'd in a line crouching behind a wooden fence, made of slabs of trees laid across each other, on a piece of flat ground at the top of a small hill.

“ Well, Wad, as we advanced up the road, for we were in the centre, we saw their bayonets glittering behind their wooden breast-work, and Tom Smith, whether or no, would let fly at a cockade he saw above it. Presently down comes a rattling shower of grape and canister among us, playing rackets with the trees on both sides of the road, and shortening our muster-roll at every crack. Sharp work for the eyes, I can tell you, Wad !

“ We were not allowed to advance till a firing on the flanks began, and we did not wait long for that. The sogers played their part like real heroes, and, by the powers of war ! they did touch the Jonathans up in the bunt.

“ Our centre advanced with a regular volley. Off the Nathans went ! hooroosh ! tail on end,

for Baltimore, and us after them, helter-skelter, till we were ready to die for want of breath. We at last halted on the road towards the city. Never poor souls were harder run! we were ready to drop, and many did drop! Muscle's every thing then, Wad: none of your long, lankey, or heavy lads, could stand it out. The sogers are kind souls after all, Gunner. They did their work well; and one of them gave Tom Smith, who was out of wind and gasping for breath in the chase, the last swig out of his canteen, and none of them shall want a drop of grog when I'm cook of the mess, or a dollar, if that's all, when prize-money's going.

“ But it was a sore day, Gunner: many a brave fellow on both sides lost the number of his mess, and was left to rot in the woods.

“ There was one poor wounded American lying among the dead; he, like many of his countrymen, had nothing of the soger-look about him, save his musket and cockade. He called aloud with pain, and, by my soul! Wad, I

was loth to see him trampled on in our advance, as he cried, ‘ My poor wife ! my child ! ’ and died. But what was worse than all, **Gunner**, was the loss of our General. He was shot through the body by the riflemen who fired from the wood, before the battle began.

“ He was as mild as a lamb, but as brave as a lion, Wad : he was beloved by soger and sailor. Poor soul ! he, too, thought of his wife with his last breath.

“ The next day we got within a few miles of the town of Baltimore, but such a night came on as I have seldom seen ; rain, wind, lightning, and thunder, were wrangling aloft which should be masters. We were crouched under the lee of some trees, and it was only between the rolls of the thunder and the flashes of the lightning, that we saw the sparkling of the fusee, and heard the bursts of the shells, as they were thrown from the ships towards the town.

“ Here we were waiting with stripes of white linen round our hats and arms ; and, as they

knew there would be no stopping Tom Smith and others having a crack when they saw a Yankee, the flints were taken out of our muskets, with orders to march direct to the charge against the lines when the signal should be given.

“ But a council of war was held, and no signal was given : the next day we retreated, and passed over the field of battle again, where the dead bodies were laying stiff and ghastly, drenched with rain and gore; and then returned on board our ships, as we had come on shore, by the boats; short, however, of some of our shipmates, many blankets, haversacks, and canteens, and lots of powder and ball, with the glory of having thrashed Jonathan in his own woods.”

CHAPTER IX.

“ Ten tousand men came overe,
With trompet, drome, and podere,
All in de grand ship Rovere,
New Orleans to destroy.
All men of valiant heart,
What had beaten Bonaparte :
But vat vas dat to Shackson,
De British turn dere backs on ?
O ! vat vas dat to Shackson,
O ! Shackson is de boy ! ”

THIS motto is a faint recollection of an imitating, inimitable singing to the air of Malbrook ; words supposed to be sounded by a ‘ French Yankee,’ at a dinner given to the gallant General Jackson, who so bravely defended the city of New Orleans against the English, in 1814, and

may serve as a kind of prelude to this part of the Boatswain's story.—

“ But now comes that infernal affair, New Orleans; Gunner: a more horrid business was never gone through by man or beast.

“ May be you don't know Lake Borgne? and yet it is no lake, for it opens out into the Gulf of Mexico. It is a very shoal navigation; so that we had often seventy miles to go in open boats, loaded with sogers; and buckled and belted as they were with knapsacks, there was no swimming for it when the boats were upset or sunk, and many a poor trooper lies at the bottom there.

“ The shores are low, swampy, and covered with reeds; and for the climate, I never thought there was such a place under heaven. A place where you have summer and winter in twenty-four hours. In the daytime, we were scorched; in the night, we were frozen. Who would have thought of ice about the boats?

bows in a place so near the West Indies, Gunner?

“The black regiments had no more notion of Jack frost, than ‘bite ’im no see ’im.’ They died like rotten sheep.

“Many a weary pull and sail I’ve had up and down that infernal hole, which I wish I may never see again. It is fit for nothing but snakes, alligators, and Yankees—begging the Jonathans’ pardons for knotting them together; but *stinctions* are, some how or other, levelled in war-time, and *specially* when a man has been bitten, as I have, by both; and, moreover, a little blind from being half-melted and frozen over and over again.

“Our first work was to clear the lake of a squad of gun-boats; and they were *accordingly bevelled* in a trice by the boats of the fleet, though many a man went to Davy’s locker in the job. The Nathans played their part like men; but it was all up with them when the boats got alongside; and, slashing muskets,

pistols, tomahawks, and pikes at our fellows as they grappled up the side, they at last sought quarter in surrender.

“After this business, we landed the troopers at the side of a creek, not far from the Mississippi.

“Did you ever see the Indians of this country, Wad? They are a kind of copper-coloured vagabonds, with skins as hard as tanned leather; rigged out in furs, feathers and blankets, and bedizened with whatever they could find to shine. But as to their women, Wad, though they have sparkling black eyes, I would not have touched one of them with a pair of tongs the nasty, dirty, drable-tailed, swashy-looking squaws! I never was so out of conceit of a petticoat, though their covering scarcely deserves that name. They travel together in tribes, and would sleep in swamps. It was a hunting-party that came to us. They are dead shots with the bow and arrow, and carry scalping-knives by their sides; but for their hearts,

I know not what they are made of, for they jumped at the tick of a watch. The officers made one of their Kings drunk, and he howled, yelled, and roared like a mad bull, which he said was the war-cry.

“But I must go on with the dismals I have to tell you, Gunner. Our sogers had scarcely taken up a birth on the banks of the river, filed their arms in the darkening, and began to *yaffle* some grub, when softly comes a brace of Yankee vessels slinking down with the stream, and brought-up abreast of the camp, letting fly a broadside at the same time among the sogers at supper, while Jackson and his men came upon them from the land-side. They dropped their grub, and handled their muskets, showed their steel, and gave the Jonathans such a rally, that back they went with a shower of Salamanca pills after them, to make another reckoning.

“Over-night a battery was thrown up abreast of the vessels, and at daybreak our artillery-

men showed how well they could bore holes at water-mark, and the craft went no more back to the city. Another squad of men arrived, and another General, who took the command.

“ Greater preparations were made, but as we lost time the Yankees gained strength. But you are no *soger*, Gunner,—stand facing me with your arms stretched out. The broad river is running like a sluice past the end of your right-hand towards mine, as I am holding it out ; on the other side of the river is a battery, pointing towards your nose, which nose is the centre of the Yankee lines. Your left-hand is a swampy wood, thicker and more fangled than a jungle, and not less fordable than the river, with a battery at the edge, from which a canal runs athwart to the river. Behind this canal is a strong earthen fence, stuffed, as they said, with cotton-bags, behind which lay the Nathans.

“ My arms are the English lines ; they are not so long or strong as yours, and we are just

out of shot of each other. Near my right-hand are some batteries we threw up with casks of sugar, which we got at readier than sand, though they are no great shakes in rainy weather.

“ A good way behind my left-hand is a canal we cut from the creek to the river, for the boats to go through.

“ Well, Gunner, behold us, the night before the battle, in front of each other : the Jonathans’ bands playing Yankee Doodle ; and ours, God save the King ! Well, I say, follow me to mud-larking, and rousing the boats through the slush into the river, all night long. Now jump aboard the boats at daylight, with a party of sogers and marines, land them on the other side, pull up along-shore—see the battery taken by storm—look at a rocket flying in the air—then mark the flashes glimmering along the line—now hear the rolling sounds of the musketry, and rumbling of the cannon ;—lay on your oars,

Wad—strain your eyes—think the *sogers* have gained the Yankee lines, and you will think as I did. Look, now, at a small dispatch-boat slashing towards us ; hear the officer say, ‘ Embark the troops ! ’ and you will measure the length of our mugs.

“ Back we came, save those who were killed in taking the battery. It was all up : the troops withdrew to their lines, cut up at a precious rate. They advanced like heroes to the ditch, few got farther, and many were left there. The Nathans, snug behind their fence, worked eyelet-holes in them at every crack, till they fell back.

“ Oh, they say it was a gallant sight to view the brave Generals, who saw the day was going wrong, gallop in front with their hats off, rallying their men ; but it was sorrowful to see them fall, without being able to send a shot through the fence among their destroyers. It was the fortune of war, Wad ; but the worst of

all was to come—to get the poor mangled souls back to the ships, down those infernal creeks, and in such weather.

“ But, hark ye, Wad !” (the Boatswain here stood still, his heart was full)—“ hark ye, Gunner !” again he said, and turned his face to the moon, as a dark cloud shot over it,—“ poor Tom Smith, the sharer of my spree, my messmate, my shipmate for years past,—Tom, who never shrank from his duty,—Tom, who halved his last dollar with me,—Tom lies at the bottom of the lake !

“ He was shot in seven places, in the advance to storm the fort, and his right-leg was terribly mangled by grape-shot.

“ We had four wounded men besides himself in the stern-sheets of our boat, and had got into the broad part of the lake, on our way towards the fleet by nightfall ; but none of the small craft stationed to receive the boats were in sight, as the weather was thick and misty. Presently the fog was blown away by a strong

breeze, which, before the first watch was over, freshened into a gale right in our teeth, accompanied by drifting rain; soon we were wet and weary, and began to lag at our oars; not freshened, you may be sure, Wad, by the groaning of the poor wounded fellows near us, lying flat on their backs, and covered over with a drenched sail.

“ We were at last compelled to pull towards the swampy shores for smooth water, and there let go our grapnel.

“ None of us were in a humour for talk ; and as the boat jerked in the short seas, throwing the spray over her bows, we sat silent, cold, cramped, and wet, watching for daylight. I never went through such a night in all my born days, Gunner.

“ I sat aft, close by Tom Smith ; he did not speak. We heard nothing but the sweep and rustle of the waves, and the plash, plash, plash, of the big drops of rain that now fell on and about us.

“ The middle watch came: Smith groaned heavily. ‘ Give me your hand,’ said he, and he raised himself on his wounded arm; ‘ Tom,’ said he again, ‘ be kind to my poor mother; give her my pay and my watch—here, here, here—bid—bid—bid—God bless her!’ He then sank on the plank, and his cold and wet hand fell away from mine.

“ Daylight came; the boat shipped so much water that one man was kept constantly baling. Tom Smith was dead. The young officer, noble fellow as he was, looked at him. ‘ Poor soul!’ said he, ‘ he’s gone! we must bury him,—prepare a few double-headed shots. Stand up, men—pull off your hats;’ and, as the rain and wind whistled wild about our heads in this dark and dreary morning, he said, ‘ Commit his body to the deep; God be merciful to his soul!’

“ Oh, Gunner! had you seen the look of agony of the poor limbless souls that lay next to him, when the corpse was plunged into the water, you would never have forgotten it!

“ Will you believe it, Wad ? some of their wounds fairly putrified before we got them to the fleet ; and many and many a brave fellow died on the way, and was thrown overboard. My heart bled to see the poor legless men lying bleeding in the stern-sheets of the boats, and the rain pelting upon them ; and then for the broiling sun’s rays and the bitter freezing nights.

“ Men are men, all the world over, Gunner, and have their turns of good and bad luck ; but those who know nothing but victory, know nothing of war, Wad. I never wore a pea-jacket till I had been thoroughly soaked, and was often shoving in my oar where there was no rullock, till time and experience just prevented my *fluster*, and told me what I could do. England has nothing to fear from the Yankees, nor all the nations of the earth put together, in the way of fight, that’s certain ; she has stood it out against them all, and will stand it out again. I say, Gunner, our country has nothing to fear from

the whole world, nor will she ever have, till all our women become like poor Sophy, and all our men cursed dandies or devils, and then it will be all up with us, sure enough.

“ You know I got my warrant, Gunner, according to the cockpit-toast, by ‘ a bloody war and a sickly season.’

“ But I must now tell you, the last time our ship was in harbour, before I was promoted, I happened to be sitting at the mess-table, on the lower-deck. It was liberty-day for the women to come and go, when among those who rushed down the ladders, one came into the birth where I was, followed by one of my messmates carrying her pattens and a small bundle, when fixing her hollow eyes on me for about a minute, she gave a loud shriek, and fell as if dead upon the spot. A crowd of her petticoat companions were soon about her. One said, ‘ She’s shamming ; give her a kick, and she ’ll soon come to ;’ and another swore she was drunk, and threw a pot of water over her.

“ I put the women back, but could not at first recollect her face. Her cheeks were sunk, her eyes were dim, and their lids red with weeping ; she was almost in rags, and famine and hunger seemed to have got hold of her.

“ Will you believe it, Gunner ? it was poor Sophy. My heart sunk within me ; and when she came to herself, I gave her all the money I had, and advised her to go home, or to seek a servant’s place. She did so, and a month afterwards I got this letter, which I have in my *backey-fob*, from her.”

The Boatswain here descended to the waist, and, borrowing the serjeant’s lantern, opened his fob, and giving the Gunner a snuff-coloured, rumpled piece of paper, he opened it, and read as follows :—

“ Thank you, Thomas, for your kindness to me : I am now more than half-way towards my father’s house. Oh, Thomas, Thomas ! I deceived you, I deceived every body, I deceived

and ruined myself. I was wicked at heart : my young master taught me to sin ; and at the very time I swore fidelity to you, I was bound in wickedness to others, and would have hid my shame under your name : but I have been severely punished in this world, and have no hope in the next. The valet promised to take me to France with him, and brought me as far as Southampton ; but left me there without a farthing, and escaped in the packet. I dare not, cannot tell you the rest of my life. I have been an inhabitant of the very sinks of vice, and an inmate of the hospital and the prison. I have been beaten and ill-treated by drunkards ; and turned into the street to beg, by the people where I lodged. My miseries have often been mocked at ; I have been frowned on and scorned, till I have prayed for the night to come and shade me from myself.

“ Oh, Thomas ! if you have a daughter, teach her to beware of the first step towards guilt, for the rest of her fall will be without

stop, sudden and terrible; and if you have friends, warn them to forbear seeking to ruin, or taking advantage of poor weak woman—tell them of the wretched fate of poor Sophy.”

As the Gunner closed this epistle and returned it to his companion, orders were vociferated from the officer of the watch, to “Turn the hands up, wear ship!” the two friends immediately separated, and repaired to their respective duties.

THE DOCTOR.

A MISCELLANY.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom ?

SHAKSPEARE.

THE DOCTOR.

A MISCELLANY.

DOCTOR MORRINGTON and his friend Lieutenant Clarendon, with whom the reader is already acquainted, under the cockpit appellations of Smudge and Diachylon, had, at the period to which this story relates, gained each a step up the professional ladder.

After a separation of many years, they had been appointed to serve in the same ship, and mutually renewed an intimacy which time had partially estranged.

The knowledge of each other's character, the recollection of the early scenes of their naval career, and the remembrance of some hard service endured together, soon ripened their sentiments into a sincere friendship, which,

among other concomitants, usually led them to perambulate foreign places together.

The ship in which they now served lay at anchor off the Bermuda Islands, screened from the heavy waves of the Atlantic by dispersed and extensive reefs of rocks, which, during gales, cast up a curved ridge of foam round the anchorage, showing at once its danger and security.

It was one of the finest mornings of that mild and delightful climate, when they determined on a ramble among the beautiful groups of cedar-clad islands, which they had been viewing with their telescopes for the last two days.

They landed near some chalky-looking cottages, partially shaded by a grove of half-grown trees; and, as they passed, distinctly heard the voices of black girls singing.

“ Man-a-war buccra, man-a-war buccra,
Dem be de bo, dem be de bo;
Man-a-war buccra, man-a-war buccra,
Dem be de bo for me.”

Sounds at once illustrative of the language of the sable inhabitants, and their feelings towards

the profession to which the two messmates belonged.

The scene around the habitations of these poor negroes was extremely interesting, and the situation of one of their cottages in particular attracted their attention. It was on a small island, near the borders of a rocky cove, where the only living objects in view were a few silent blue and red birds perched on the boughs of the dwarf cedars, and the beautiful little angel fish sporting about among the branch coral in the blue water, that occasionally rippled against the petrescent shore that bounded it.

Before, however, they reached the threshold of this sequestered abode, they were accosted by a poor old black man, who lay by the roadside. Age, which had made no impression on his complexion, seemed to have done its office on his constitution; and, while the quivering lip and tremulous voice bespoke the decay of nature, he told of his fate, which was replete with suffering and misery!—"Me old!" he said, laying his hand upon his brow; "me

poor ! me lame, and cannot work !” he continued, as the tears trickled down his aged cheeks. “ Me sick with pain ! my foot ! my foot ! Me find no rest, no pity !” and he pointed to his swollen limb, and then appeared overcome with conflicting emotions. His story indeed was brief.

Lameness from a wound in his foot, which threatened its loss, prevented him from working ; while in his age his master saw no profit, and being bound by no law but self-interest, was heedless of his cure. The sum of his labour was complete, and humanity was forgotten. He was a slave.

“ This is another instance,” said the Doctor to his friend, “ of the evils to which slavery, in any shape, may be subject, and I shall record it in my pamphlet.”

“ Pamphlet !” replied Clarendon, “ write if you will, but do not publish. I advise you to deposit it in some museum, where, like many other natural curiosities, it may be stowed away and never seen ; but, seriously, Morrington, as a professional man, I recommend you never to

meddle with politics, especially in writing; for if you are a Whig, you will be flogged by a Tory; if a Tory, by a Whig; and if you have the misfortune to be a Radical, you need no farther purgatory on earth."

"But I have brought a little manuscript in my pocket for your perusal as we ramble and sail about among the islands," answered the Doctor; "it is the sketch of a life which I have more heart to write than to speak about."

"Then let me recommend you to beware," said Clarendon (who was still a keen reckoner) "of those books, which, in their snug, dun, blue and yellow liveries, are insinuated into every gentleman's library in the country; whose pages are pawed over by the gouty hands of old lords, and toyed and turned over by the delicate fingers of their blushing daughters, besides serving as an ordinary gamut of taste and argument for the community."

"We will, if you please, Clarendon, leave the discussion. Here is the manuscript."

CHAPTER I.

Man, thro' all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride ;
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home, the spot on earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

MONTGOMERY.

“ ALTHOUGH every thing which is commonplace may be considered vulgar, yet all men's lives, high or low, have much of that which is dull and uninteresting in them, which, like the shades of a picture, render the lights more conspicuous.

“ But, my friend and messmate, prepare yourself for a simple story, told in plain language—a language which, if it does not win your atten-

tion by touching and flowery descriptions, neither will it lure you into the gaudy, heartless world of folly, by insinuating descriptions of idleness and vice.

“ You know I am a Scotchman, and proud, very proud of the distinction: you know, too, that I was a merry one when we first met in the region of the cockpit; but time, which has worked a change in my situation for the better, has more than balanced it with a weight of grief.

“ My father lived on the eastern coast of Scotland, a lovelier spot than which is not under heaven; and he, being fully aware of the advantages of education, sent me to study at the University of Edinburgh; but I neglected this excellent opportunity of improving myself, and spent my time in revelry and dissipation. My spirits were high, my blood hot, and in proportion to my keen zest for pleasure was the coarseness of the means pursued to gratify my desires; but these were seldom achieved without their being accompanied by a due share of

quarrels and disagreeable events. Fists happened just at that time to be more in fashion among us than pistols, and I once knocked down a man for saying a Scotchman always thought of his reward before he performed any act ; and I was, in my turn, floored by one of the tribe of Macs, for asserting that Highlanders had changed their mountain liberality for Lowland selfishness.

“ My parent stinted me much in cash, but though I frequently starved the inside to clothe the out, yet I generally managed to keep up the conviviality of Saturday nights ; and, in unison with many others, was frequently put in the watchhouse for rioting in the streets.

“ Notwithstanding my narrow allowance, I once had the audacity to give a claret party to a whiskey drinking set of my countrymen ; but the next letter I received from home cured me of such liberality, as I was accused of aspiring to draw a long cork with a low purse. I wished the fellows drowned in their own peculiar

toddy, for their better genius could only be extracted by the spirit of John Barleycorn.

“ This circumstance, however, was a lesson for me to become more prudent, and I then professed to study under all the professors of Caledonian Athens, though Auld Reeky was not then dignified by so classical a name. I talked logically, and, as my countrymen used to say, ‘ varrah proodently ;’ i. e. always for, but not always with effect ; and I was looked upon as a man likely to get forward in the world ; but, unfortunately for me, much of that which appeared to others real prudence, was altogether sham, for my natural taste led me quite another way.

“ I was in Edinburgh ostensibly for the purpose of studying surgery and physic ; but I often escaped with horror from the sickening operations of the former, to pursue studies more congenial to my nature. Time however, combined with the excellent character and example of the gentleman under whose direction I was,

not only eventually reconciled me to my profession, but led me to pursue it with ardour. He was not one of those persons whose ignorance is enveloped under the cloak of a good address, or concealed beneath the misty cover of professional jargon; neither did he administer paste pills and rose-water draughts to the foolish or fashionable; but he was a man of real learning and plain unpretending manners; and although occasionally out of humour, through the caprice, whim, and impatience of his patients, yet his heart had not been steeled against proper feeling, by the scenes of suffering humanity which he was daily called upon to witness.

“As dunces and persons of genius, with all the intermediate classes, are supposed to learn a given quantity in a given time; so my father thought necessary, at the termination of the usual period, to give me the choice of an appointment in the army or navy, as he had friends at the head of the medical department of those services. I preferred the latter; and

after passing an examination before some long-faced, hard-headed, dictatorial kind of personages in London, I received my first appointment as assistant-surgeon, in which situation you remember me.

“At the expiration of two years I passed another examination, and twelve months afterwards I was promoted to the rank of surgeon ; and served principally on foreign stations till the conclusion of the war, when, like many others, I was thrown out of all employment, except that which I made for myself.

“Every age, nay every hour, has its hobby ; beginning with the proposition of one man, which is occasionally adopted by the multitude. Abernethy had mounted his digestive peculiarity, Jameson had commenced to break stones, and Spurzheim heads, which were each in their way sources of instruction and amusement. I attempted to become acquainted with every thing, but, like all such audacious and unhappy wights, ended in knowing nothing perfectly.

“It was then my habit to talk learnedly, and endeavour to beat into the thick skulls of my auditors all that I fancied I knew ; and I was not cured of this propensity, till good fortune threw me into the society of some of those gigantic geniuses who stalk about the metropolis, and who, like great planets, eclipse by their superior brilliancy the weaker light of all satellites.

“A mind accustomed to search only for amusement, (and mine had still a tinge of that kind in it,) usually prefers the society of the wit, and those who can awaken the titter of the vulgar, or the insipid smile of the satiated voluptuary, to the instructive conversation of the philosopher ; but notwithstanding that some of the learned few are unhappily inflicted with patriotic manners and panacean gesticulations, yet it is beyond all doubt, that when they possess good principles, their company is the best that the land can produce.

“Had it not been for various schisms and

jealousies which I observed among these highly gifted men, some of whom seemed almost to have adopted for a motto—

‘ If there ’s a hole in a’ your coats,
I red ye tent it ;
There ’s yen amang ye takin’ notes,
An’ faith he ’ll prent it’—

I should have become entirely devoted to science, though science lost nothing by my delinquency ; and I proceeded to the Continent, a willing votary to pleasure. There I learnt French and frolic, but no physic ; and when in Paris, instead of attending those places of instruction which are so liberally open to people of all countries, in a way altogether worthy of a great nation, I neglected the Hôtel Dieu for the Champs Elysée, theatres, and soirées, and gave away that time to places of pleasure, which should have been occupied in the acquirement of knowledge.”

CHAPTER II.

Chaque pays, chaque mode; mais, il n'y a qu'un Paris au monde.

The Sentiment of a Badaud.

“SCENES which have been described so frequently, can scarcely receive farther illustration; but there is one in the French metropolis which, as it was a never-failing source of amusement to me, and as while enjoying it I gained information of a person of whom I shall have occasion to speak particularly hereafter, you must excuse this partial digression.

“Pont Neuf, like every thing which is called new, eventually belies its name; for it is now one of the oldest bridges in Paris. It commands a particularly fine view of the public

buildings, broad quays, and high houses that border the Seine; and is moreover the scene of much life and character; while the quays on each side abound with every species of Punch, diverting the lively multitude with all kinds of balderdash and ribaldry. There you may see the Swiss charlatans, and German quacks with red coats and yellow trumpets, dispensing the elixirs of life to natives of every country in Europe.

“Here you have a man acting the statue; there the statue performing the man: here, a loquacious Frenchman presiding over rows of old books; there, an old German scaramouch, descanting on the merits of foils from Solingen: here, a Prussian in a plain coat, looking daggers at the march of the Garde Royal; there, a Russian, letting out a reef of his body girth: here, the pale Austrian, eating *gateaux*; there, the amorous Italian, rolling his dark eyes at the English ladies striding it at a thirty-six inch pace, in search of the *Lions*; and the French

demoiselles mincing along at the rate of six, looking for *bonnets* and *bons-bons*: here, the calculating American, wishing to be ‘pretty particularly’ distinguished from the English; and last, though not least, the newly arrived John Bull, with his hat stuffed between his neck and his coat, asking in the most extraordinary kind of jumping language, interlarded with ‘I say, the way to the Palais Royal?’

“Such was the passing scene on Pont Neuf and its neighbourhood, while I was standing at an angle of the balustrade, where knick-knacks were selling at *trois sood mi* (i. e. *trois sous et demi*) when two very peculiar personages attracted my attention.

“One was an unshaven, thin, sallow, old man, whose hair was tied so tight that his eyelids were prevented performing their natural functions. Some flour had been drifted over his peruke, much of which had strayed into the collar of his patched green coat, the swallow tails of which descended over a lean surface

covered by a pair of pantaloons emulative of the same colour. A long, snuff-speckled-looking frill protruded between two flaps of a dirty laced waistcoat, which, with a small hat of a dusky hue, smartly cocked upon his head, completed his equipment. The margin of this characteristic beaver had been broken on the right side from sheer politeness; but that part which remained was bent towards his eyes, giving to his '*tout ensemble*' an air of activity. He carried a box and scissors under his arm. It was Monsieur le Tondeur de Chiens (the dog-clipper).

“The other was a short man, with a broad but not fat face, black eyes, and a snub nose. He wore a coat of small dimensions, approaching to a jacket, round the waist of which was tied a bedaubed apron, that covered the rest of his dress, save a pair of wide, short boots, in which his small legs appeared to great disadvantage, and on which some of his celebrated blacking had been tried for the pleasure of

his customers. He also carried a box. It was Monsieur le Decrotteur (the shoe-black).

“The morning was dry and cold when these two characters, who were on their way to their favourite posts, met on that side of the bridge where I was standing.

“Their heads were instantly uncovered, and their bent bodies quickly formed a polite square of humanity with the pavement; while the swallow-tails of Monsieur le Tondeur’s coat stood stiff out behind him, and his cue, pressed by his collar, erected itself into a perpendicular.

“ ‘Bon jour, *M’sieur !*’ said the dog-clipper to the shoe-black.—‘Bon jour, *M’sieur !*’ replied the latter. ‘How do you do, sir?’ ‘I am infinitely obliged to you, my friend,’ answered the dog-clipper. ‘I am very well, and am enchanted. I am charmed to have the pleasure of seeing you in such good health this morning.’ Here a gust of wind severed his complimentary intentions, by forcing his fingers through the

greasy and broken margin of his hat, which fluttered into the centre of the bridge. It was immediately pursued by Monsieur the shoe-black, who presently returned with the shattered beaver, and, with a very low bow presented it to Monsieur the dog-clipper, who rendered him a thousand thanks for his complaisance. ‘I was just going to say, my dear sir, that I was enchanted to see you looking so well; and now permit me to enquire after *M’dame*, your wife, and *Mam’selle*, your daughter, and *M’sieur*, your son?’

“ ‘My wife is tolerably well,’ said Monsieur le Decrotteur; but the remainder of his reply would be spoiled by a translation:—‘*Mais ma fille était au spectacle avant-hier, et au bal paré hier au soir, et elle a eu un espèce de mal d’cœur. Elle pâlit un p’tit peu ce’ matin; mais M’sieur le Med’cin lui ordonne de la Tisane, et d’ boire d’ l’eau sucrée et j’espère bien que sa maladie passera bientôt; et, mon petit, il se porte bien, Dieu merci!*’

“ Here Monsieur le Decrotteur drew very near to Monsieur le Tondeur, and, looking round with an eye of suspicion, he said, ‘ Ecoutez, mon ami, Henri is an extraordinary boy, but I fear he will come to mischief—I cannot prevent him crying ‘ Vive l’Empereur !’

“ ‘ His uncle, my poor brother, was a wounded and disabled soldier of the old guard, and lived with me in the suburbs till the day of his death. Henri strewed flowers over his grave but yesterday ; it was the anniversary of his death. The child was his constant companion ; and when training the vines over the walls of our cottage, or leaning on his spade in our little garden, he would relate to his eager young listener the tales of the wars. ‘ Ah, my boy !’ he would say, ‘ how the soldiers’ hearts leaped when our Emperor before the fight bid us remember Jena, Lodi, Friedland, and Marengo. Astounding cries rent the air when the sun rose and gilded the spires of Moscow, and he told us to behold the sun of Austerlitz ! ‘ *Napoléon*

et la patrie,’ was engraven on our hearts; and when you come to strew flowers over my grave in Père la Chaise, you will see our motto on the tomb of a brave general; ‘*La Garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas.*’

“ ‘ Henri still adores the little image of the Emperor, which his uncle placed at the head of his bed, by the side of the crucifix; and every night he suspends on it the *Croix d’honneur*, which the dying soldier gave him with these words—

“ ‘ *Aime ton Dieu, ton Empereur, et ton père, sers ta patrie, et que Dieu te benisse !*’

“ Here a large man with light mustaches and a black stick, called M. le Tondeur to clip Faquin, a sagacious poodle, which leaped upon his knee and invited the lionizing operation; while a beau in black almost at the same moment presented his foot to M. le Decrotteur, who immediately commenced to improve the complexion of his boot; which put an end to the conference of these truly polite men, whose

miserable occupations could not destroy their national civility. They bowed and said to each other, ‘à l’honneur de vous revoir.’

“When M. le Decrotteur had received his two sous for his polished labour, it just then occurred to me, that I would call on my fellow collegian, Charles Mortimer, whose address I held in my hand. I stepped towards the polite shoe-black, and inquired of him the nearest way to the street where my friend resided ; but after he had told me to go straight-forward, then turn to the right and to the left, and that I should *fall* upon it ; on referring to the card, I found the number of the house exceeded five hundred, and therefore asked him the way to that particular house ; at which he immediately exclaimed, ‘*Numero cinque cens cinquante cinque*, Number 555,’ said he, ‘Oh yes ! I have the pleasure to clean the shoes of the young ladies and Milor Mortimer, who resides in that house, and I will do myself the pleasure of showing you the way to it ;’ and entering

into conversation we walked towards the street. From my escort I learnt only, that Milor Mortimer was a '*brave garçon, bon enfant, extrêmement doux, fort aimable, bien élevé très polie, remplie de moyens, très riches, et extrêmement généreux, enfin qu'il étoit un homme tout comme il faut.*'

"We presently approached the house marked with the number of which I was in quest; and my friend of the brush ushered me into a shop adjoining the private door, informing a tightly laced, animated, flat-figured, but graceful-looking demoiselle, who was presiding behind the counter, that I was come to visit Milor Anglois. She immediately ceased eating blanc mange, rose, put aside the artificial flowers that lay by her side, and, hastily adjusting a garland that was wreathed round her dark hair, said in the most accommodating tones, she would have the pleasure of showing me to Monsieur's apartments. As we ascended the dark stairs, I heard the notes of the harp above

us, and a voice articulating '*en avant deux, vis-à-vis, and dos-à-dos*;' but before we got to the second floor, the tune suddenly changed to a German air; and as my graceful conductress opened the door of the chamber, I saw Charles Mortimer committing waltzery with Mademoiselle Je le Croix.

"Our meeting was as singular as cordial, and I learned from him that he had finished his tour on the Continent, and was about to return to England."

CHAPTER III.

“*Mali corvi malum ovum.*”

“MORTIMER was the only son of one of those men who treated friends as if they might become enemies, and enemies as if they might become friends.

“By his cautious conduct, inherent love of money, and indefatigable attention to business, he had accumulated a large fortune ; which although it was his intention his son should inherit, he insisted that he should follow a profession, and sent him to the University for the purpose. Charles had the choice of law or physic, and may be said to have followed both without having overtaken either ; for his father dying sooner than he expected, without having made a

will, my gay friend came suddenly into the possession of a property which sent all notions of law and physic to the dogs. The little he knew of either of those professions proved rather a bane than a blessing to him ; for although he could talk on both without committing egregious blunders, yet he was so unfortunate in his acquaintance at College, as to render the precautions of his wary father, to accustom him to habits of thinking and attention to business, entirely nugatory.

“ He was not altogether an Atheist or a Deist, or a Materialist, but had a tincture of each in his way of thinking. His sole object in life was pleasure, without one notion of that species of it which proceeds from the fulfilment of duty. He was not a drunkard, for he knew that would destroy his constitution ; he was not a gambler, for he did not like the risk of being poor ; he was not a blasphemer in public, for he concluded that would render him disgusting ; and he was no more licentious than what was perfectly

consistent with the preservation of his health, appearance, and that which he considered character ; with a handsome person and engaging manners—such was Charles Mortimer, who promised to visit me, the following shooting-season, at my father's house in Scotland, for which I was then about to leave Paris.

“As I had met my father in London, at the period when the ship to which I belonged was paid off, I had not since the conclusion of the war visited my native country ; and thither I now hied, with heart elate, ready and willing to renew all my early friendships : but time and war, which since my departure had run hand-in-hand, had shorn the number to a very few, and many a fireside conversation was occupied in the distressing detail of Fate's career in cutting short the days of friends and schoolfellows, whose talent, generosity, or courage, still clung to the memory. There was one among the number whom I had deeply to deplore : it was Horner, who died young, and good, and wise

He was the son of a neighbouring Laird, whose little estate joined that of my father, and their houses were within an evening's walk of each other—a walk which to me was once strewed with flowers, but which time and circumstances have turned to thorns. I have already said, my home was in the eastern part of Scotland; and, a few days after my arrival, I bent my steps towards the dwelling of our amiable neighbours.

“It was one of those calm autumnal evenings, which in northern climates often succeed a storm. The sun was shedding his mellow tints on the western hills, whose quiet shades gleamed on the now gently swelling bosom of the ocean, which had been raging during the morning. The moan of the surf still echoed in the hollow caverns of the coast, the sea-birds, tired of contending with the elements, sunk into their favourite niches of the rocks, where they were occasionally hidden from the view by the clouds of spray which the surge sent up.

“A few straggling vessels, tossed to and fro’

by the swell, were now spreading every yard of canvass to catch the dying breeze, unlike the morning's storm, which had threatened their smallest show of sail with destruction.

“ The fishermen were preparing to launch their boats from the strand, or weighing their grapnels in the little havens where they were moored, while their hard, whiteheaded, tanned progeny followed the retreating tide along the coast, escaping with screams of delight from the curling and crisp frettings of the waves, as they advanced on their heels. Every thing bespoke the storm past.

“ Within a hundred yards of one of the deep caverns of the coast, stood the quiet dwelling of Horner. A small plantation to the northward separated it from the high and rugged cliff, which looked into the deep and dark abyss of furious waters. One solitary stunted oak crowned the margin of this dizzy height, to which a wicket opened into the plantation, from whence the gloomy chasm would be seen. In

front was a gently sloping lawn, margined by the sea, and decorated with a shrubbery.

“I shall never forget the first impression produced on my mind by the sight of the aged Horner and his two daughters.

“As I entered the house, the old man was seated with his eldest grandchild on his knee, who was playing with the roses which dangled round the open window, for the climate is not so uncongenial, but that the rose will entwine itself round the hardy emblem of our country. The eldest daughter of the venerable man was preparing tea; while Fanny, who had just returned from a walk, stood with her bonnet in her hand, superintending the two younger children at their supper. ‘Welcome to your native country, Tom!’ said Horner, rising as I entered, and placing the little boy on the floor. ‘Welcome!’ he repeated, stretching forth his friendly hand; ‘but ’tis so long since we parted, and you have seen so much and so

many, that, I doubt, you have almost forgotten your old friend. We have often talked of you, however,' he continued, 'and the letters I have seen of yours to my poor son, prove that you have made good use of experience :—but, 'faith ! I had almost forgotten to remind you these are my daughters, who were both at school when you left. Marian, poor girl ! you see, has already been a wife and a mother, and is now a widow ; and Fanny is the prop of my declining years, and the comforter of her sister and her little ones.'

“ A friendly shake of the hand from these two most interesting women, seemed at once to renew our acquaintance ; for the cool, distant, graceful courtesy of polished life seemed almost unnecessary, where it was unlikely that advantage should be taken of that sincere, frank, and unsuspecting manner which the sisters possessed.

“ Horner was not one of those Scottish lairds

who are supposed to be only learned in weathers, gimmers, and kyloes; for his education, though plain, had been sound and good; while that of his daughters, if there was a fault in it, was on that side which is more conspicuous in the sister country, in the attainment of ornamental knowledge. Their manners consequently, far from being coarse, were easy and agreeable, to which their naturally good tempers gave a charm which no art could have supplied, and they were then not only a blessing to their father, but a comfort to their poor neighbours, who daily prayed for blessings on the laird's 'twa bonny lasses.' There was a silent melancholy on the features of the once animated Marian; while those of Fanny were full of feminine sweetness, kindling into the keenest expression of interest in all that concerned her less happy sister. Our first conversations were intermingled with inquiries after mutual friends, which occasionally relapsed into the mere repetition of names, which if they

did not appear to have left a distinct impression on the mind, yet there seemed to be some hidden link of connexion, some undefinable sensation, which produced satisfaction and happiness.

“ Many, many were the evenings of delight I experienced with this good and happy family ; and it is not surprising that feelings of a more tender, yet selfish nature, should spring out of the continuance of such an acquaintance.

“ My father, when he began to suspect my intimacy with Fanny, showed a decided aversion to my forming a connexion with the Horners. Their property indeed was not large, though amply sufficient for moderate enjoyment, but he was ambitious of his son making a better appearance in the world than himself, and seemed willing to sacrifice every other consideration to that object.

“ My parent, like many others, had a favourite word, which they hackney in conversation, such as, ‘ well,’ ‘ very well,’ ‘ indeed,’ ‘ really,’

‘ you know,’ ‘ so,’ ‘ good,’ ‘ good again,’ ‘ very good,’ ‘ ah !’ ‘ a,’ ‘ eh !’ &c. My father’s word was ‘ eh !’ ‘ Thomas,’ he would say, his physiognomy becoming as long as the list of our Scotch cousins,—‘ Thomas, you have too much knowledge of the world to think of forming a *connaxion* which would, rather sink than raise you in society, eh ! Horner’s estate has what, except among the nobles, ye ’ll scarcely find in Scotland, a mortgage—a dead weight, eh ! But that ’s between ourselves, eh !’ Fanny may be a good girl ; but what of that ? she ’s poor, eh ! She may be *cleaver*, but then she has no *connaxions*, eh ! She may be *bonny*, and she *certainly* is *bonny*, and *wotty* too : but then she is but a woman, eh ! and what will *thus doo* for *yoo*, eh ! eh ! eh ! No, Tam, no ! Get money, my son, get riches or rank, if *ye* want to keep *yer heed* above water. The one will get *ye* a place or a pension, the *ither* will buy you all things—every thing, and a wife into the bargain, and a *bonny* one, too, Tam, eh !’

“ My answer to these and similar conversations was, that I considered my half-pay, and the resources which I might naturally expect to derive from private practice, would be amply sufficient for moderate enjoyment. ‘ Half-pay,’ he would say, ‘ half-pay, eh ! a mere beggar, eh ! wife, children, school, eh ! Private practice, eh ! Quack, quack, quack !—goose physicking geese ! No, no, Tam ! *ye* wad bleed, blister, and sweat your patients into an atrophy, as *cartain* Sangrado men have done before *ye*, eh ? but what is worse than all, as a married man, your disbursements would invariably be equal to your receipts, and happy it would be for you if they did not exceed them With a wife there is always something, and with children there is ever much *a wanting*. No, no ; the whole that I have saved is not enough ;’ and then he would ponder and ask about the letters.

“ Such was the state of things when Charles Mortimer arrived, and added much cheerfulness to our family circle by his accommodating man-

ners and gaiety of disposition. My intimacy with the Horners still continued, and there was a mutual understanding between Fanny and myself, that our nuptials should take place so soon as I should gain my father's consent. He however had managed things differently ; and one of my most agreeable reveries was interrupted by the receipt of a letter, informing me that I had been appointed to serve in one of his Majesty's ships. I eagerly referred to the Navy list for the station of the vessel, and was mortified to find it a foreign one. No alternative, however, was left me, convinced as I was that my father had arranged this business with his friend at the Medical Board ; and in the course of a few days I reluctantly took leave of the Horners and my home, to proceed in the duties of my profession."

CHAPTER IV.

The flat transgression of a schoolboy,
Who being overjoyed at finding a bird's nest,
Shows it his companion, and he steals it.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ IN the parting of friends or lovers there is usually some one circumstance, some few words or actions, connected with the time and place, that make a deep and lasting impression on the mind ; and these are often so whimsical, that trifles are retained when things of importance are forgotten. It would be in vain that I should attempt to describe my feelings on parting with Fanny, mixed up as they were with a kind of unreasonable foreboding that I looked upon her for the last time.

“The words of the beautiful Scotch song which she sang that evening, still seem to haunt me:—

‘Ye roses blaw your bonny bloom,
And draw the wild birds by the burn ;
For Lumen promised me a ring,
And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

Ah na ! ah na ! ye need nae bloom,
My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
Ye bonny birds, ye need nae sing,
For Lumen never can return !’

“My journey was of the most miserable kind, and absence and distance seemed to create fears which I never experienced before. I knew Fanny to be of a most gentle and pliant disposition, and I now began to look upon her as a beautiful and delicate plant that required constant attention, but which, being neglected, might turn to a weed ; and although reason told me that she had grown up pure and good and beautiful under her father’s roof, yet I could not divest myself of the greatest anxiety on her account.

“ My parent was well pleased with my absence ; and in the first letter I received from him he expressed himself strongly against the ‘ *bonny bauble* for which I seemed exclusively to dally at home.’ ‘ Seek name and fame,’ said he, ‘ and be a blessing to your father, and a respectable member of society, but not in a garret.—Mortimer,’ he concluded, ‘ is still here ; but I can hardly tell whether his aim is to hit birds or belles,—for his days are spent in the fields, and his evenings with the Horners.’

“ My father was a shrewd observer of character, and often enveloped truth in the garb of jest ; but when the event occurred which affected my happiness so nearly, he employed a mutual friend of ours, who was a relation of the Horners, and then staying with them, to communicate the circumstance to me by letter ; of which the following is an extract :—

“ ‘ Mortimer stayed with your father about a month after your departure, and has been

the cause of a tragedy almost too horrible to relate. He has proved an artful villain indeed.

“ ‘ While you were present he seemed to prefer the society of the widow, but, immediately on your departure, changed his tact into a constant attention to the unsuspecting Fanny, to whom his manners in the first instance were sportive and playful, but gradually changed into romping familiarity; and she fell a victim, in an unsuspecting moment, to the neglect of a prudent and cautious manner towards the opposite sex, which, though the jest of fools, had her mother been alive, she would have taught her to respect.

“ ‘ Yes; your Fanny played false with your friend: but, mark the dreadful result! Her guilt was but as a dream, and her waking was terrible. The horrid reality flashed full on her imagination—an insulted God, an injured lover, a dreaded father, a broken-hearted sister, stood in fearful array against her. It was too much

for her gentle nature—her reason fled, and flying from the partner of her guilt, she ran wildly through the plantation, and grasped, as if in agony, one of the young protruding branches of the old oak.

“ ‘ I was returning from an evening walk when I saw this most affecting picture of distress. Her head was resting on her arm, which was almost covered with the young foliage of the old tree ; her whole frame appeared convulsed ; and her disordered dress trembled in the gusts of wind, which, after moaning in the deep cavern, swept in eddies over the cliff. I hastened towards her ; but, startled by the rushing blast, she looked wildly around ; and then, as if her eye, which caught a glimpse of her father’s house, had carried a dagger to her heart, she staggered back from the tree, and with an expression of countenance, which I shall never forget, and arms uplifted towards that Heaven which she had offended, she continued to bound backwards as from a horrid vision. ‘ Thomas,

father, sister,—my God, have mercy on me!’ she cried. I called aloud on the name of Fanny; but the last syllable had scarcely escaped her lips, when she was on the brink of the cliff, and in an instant was unconsciously plunged into eternity. I saw her falling form in a glare of lightning, which at that instant flashed through the cavern; a loud peal of thunder followed; the startled sea-birds screamed and rose; the air, as if in mourning, was darkened with the shadows of their wings:—poor Fanny was gone for ever!’

“ Her mangled body was taken up by the fishermen; and two letters, engraven on a plain slab, mark the lonely spot where she is buried.—On my return to England, I sought for the villain Mortimer, ‘that common friend, who was without faith or love,’ but in vain: he had fallen by the hand of an officer in a duel, and thus prevented me adding sin to my misery.”

When Clarendon had finished reading the M.S., Morrington took a small miniature of a mild and lovely-looking girl from his bosom : “ That,” said he, “ is the image of my poor Fanny : *mais toujours l’épine est sous la rose.*”

His friend examined it. It was indeed a lovely picture.—The crystal cover was loose ; it had once, and only once, been taken out ; and in the corner of the ivory was written, in the doctor’s own hand, “ My poor Fanny !”

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

A TALE.

Why then, 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

A TALE.

Que la guerre n'est autre chose que l'art de réunir plus de monde que l'ennemi sur un point donné.

NAPOLEON.

SUCH, according to the great European warrior, is the art of war; but the voice of the whole world proclaims its effects to be of a much more extensive and melancholy description. Every town cemetery, every village church-yard, tells some mournful tale of the battle field; and while the green mounds in foreign lands mark where the brave are laid, and seem to say to each patriot heart, "I too was a warrior!" their memory still lives, and

their birth-place treasures their honour and their name.

But we must take leave of the dead, and proceed, as heretofore, to sketch a few of the characters connected with the story.

CHAPTER I.

A wit 's a feather, and a chief 's a rod ;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God !

POPE.

HAROLD, the friend of Cramer, to whom the reader has been already introduced, had, at the period to which our history relates, attained the rank of commander, and, while on half-pay, resided chiefly at his father's country seat,—as remarkable an edifice as money and masonry, in the hands of a unique architect, who never deigned to copy either ancients or moderns, could make it.

The people, who still loved to be fat and full, continued true to the old member, and shouted as usual, in their best *con amore* style, “Ale

and all things!" The last joke against the father of our hero, was indeed of a sorry description; but, as it relates to his domestic felicity, it must needs be inserted. He was frequently overheard muttering, "I wish she were in Heaven! I wish she were in Heaven!" when one day Harold opened a volume of Shakspeare, and came to the following passage, which was emphatically marked with six Latin crosses, together with his father's usual watchword, "Ha!"

" I have a wife, whom I protest I love ;
I wish she were in heaven."

+ + + + + +
Ha !

His spouse was, in fact, as big and boisterous as ever; her daughter, a general favourite,—that is to say, a general nothing; and her son, nobody knew what.

Mr. Herbert was the nearest neighbour of this highly respectable family, and had the honour of being designated by Madame a civil

kind of parson of the parish ; for she loved to use any appellation that seemed to lower those whom she considered her inferiors, “ and of no sort of consequence.”

The gentleman so described was, indeed, clergyman of the parish, and one of those sincere and pious Christians, who are alike ornaments to society and the Church. He was a polished as well as a social man:—not the vain approbation-seeking creature of the world, sometimes designated by those titles—but one possessing a true refinement of heart, and an enlightened understanding, to benefit his fellow-creatures. The vicar, besides being learned, was a gentleman, and a practical Christian; for his talents, while they commanded the esteem of men, were devoted to the service of God, in the practice of that ministry, the awful responsibility of which he had conscientiously undertaken.

In his converse with his parishioners, he was kind and attentive ; never forgetting, however,

that he was their pastor, and that it was not only necessary that “ he should separate his habits and feelings from a sensual and wicked, but from a vain and idle, a turbulent and promiscuous world.”

He was one who watched over his passions, and endeavoured to conform his life to that law in which he professed to instruct others ; and while his sincere and devout conduct procured him the respect and friendship of his flock, the admirable harmony of his precepts and practice won their sure though silent way through the understanding, to the hearts of more than those who professed to be his followers.

His family exemplified the blessings to be derived from such a presiding character ; and although some years had elapsed since the loss of his amiable wife, yet she had left him two virtuous and pious daughters to lighten the burthens and cheer him on in the duties of life.

The conduct of these two amiable beings, the youngest of whom had attained the age of twenty, was such as to repay all their parent's care and anxiety ; for, added to the endearing title of children, he found, in their well-regulated and cultivated minds, companions, friends, and counsellors.

Mr. Herbert, though his income was not large, and principally derived from the living of which he was incumbent, yet, by his judicious arrangements, found means both to promote useful establishments and better the condition of the poor : for the father and daughters, besides being naturally of humane dispositions, agreed still farther in the firmer bond of duty, in laying up treasures by dispensing blessings, and, with a due regard to a proper economy for the ends of justice and morality, their patrimony was generously distributed to those who most required it.

There was a meekness and tranquillity in the manners, and a decided usefulness in the

lives, of the two sisters, which rendered them extremely interesting to all who knew them intimately: and it is not surprising that Harold, with all the keen senses of perception about him, alike free from effeminate frivolity and that aristocratical petulancy which prevailed with some of his family, should soon discover that the society of the Herberts was infinitely more rational and agreeable than the tiresome routine of feasters and fashionables who came to kill time with sumptuous idleness, and laugh at the folly while they enjoyed the hospitality of his parents.

Harold's mother was by no means desirous of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with any person whose name would not add *eclat* to her parties, either at table or on paper, or in the other alternative, become entirely subservient; while the vicar, on his part, saw the greatest possible objections, on more solid grounds, to his daughters forming such an intimacy. Yet, though he was as much above all cant and pre-

tensions to despising people from envious motives, as he was of courting the society of the wealthy, merely on account of their possessions, he was glad to be on those terms which admitted of occasional visits, not only for the purpose of preserving harmony in his parish, but also to afford him means of persuading those who had the most power, to do the most good in it.

CHAPTER II.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty :
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart but not the skin.

BEN JONSON.

“WHY is love like the Niger?” said Harold’s singular brother, who had observed him riding more frequently than usual to the vicarage, and blushing when Emily Herbert’s name was mentioned. “Love like the Niger?” repeated the half-conscious Harold; “let us see—’tis in the heart of an unexplored country—it’s source cannot be discovered—it is full of dangers, and has been the death of hundreds—

it is in a warm and poisonous climate—every one knows where it ends, but none where it begins. Will any of these definitions serve you?" said our hero.—"The last is the best illustration," answered his brother, casting a most arch and curious look from the corners of his eyes; and off he sallied, leaving Harold to meditate on a passion which had already taken possession of his breast.

There was a straight-forward, open manliness in our hero's conduct and manners, which had won the esteem of Mr. Herbert; but he was not slow in perceiving his friend's growing attachment to his daughter; and, knowing the exalted views of his family, he determined at once to put a stop to all farther intercourse, till he should obtain the sanction of his parents; and on Harold expressing his intentions to him, he frankly replied,—

"You do us great honour, my friend; but however much my natural feelings towards you might lead me to approve your addresses to my

daughter, remember there is a distinct command 'to honour your parents,' which neither you nor I can alter. It is your duty to abide by this, and it is mine to encourage you to do so."

The following day brought an illustration of his brother's simile of the dangerous Niger.

He was standing with his mother at the library window, when the two Miss Herberts, who were not aware of what had passed between their father and Harold, drove up to the door.

"Here come the parson's couple of sanctified blues," said the coarse rich lady: "what can be driving such irksome mopes here this morning? I thought we had done with them for this season at least, as we shall leave for town to-morrow."

"My dear Madam,"—said Harold, colouring deeply, as a defensive speech hung on his lips; but before he could proceed, the two young ladies entered the room.

"My dear Louisa! my dear Emily!" said

the now benignant lady, speaking in zephyrs ;
“ how delighted I am to see you ! how like
your kind hearts to come and bid us good-bye !
Why did not your good father come with you ?
How very sorry I am we have seen so little of
you this season—but you ’ll be better neighbours
next year ; now won’t you, my dearest Emily ? ”
said the smiling lady, with a look she considered irresistible.

Little, however, did this female votary to wealth, rank, and fashion, imagine what effect such frippery produced on the minds of the unassuming girls before her, who, after a short conversation, took their leave ; and Harold, on his return from handing them to their little phaeton, found his mother yawning out, “ Irksome creatures ! spiritless things ! How Mr. Herbert can fill their heads with such a pack of stuff as to make them utterly unfit to cut a figure in life, is more than I can make out.”

Our hero had often laughed at the duplicity of his mother’s manners, as something ridicu-

lous ; but now, when they applied so nearly to his own feelings, he looked upon them as monstrous and degrading ;—so often does our judgment depend on the medium by which the line of our intellectual vision is curved or straightened.

Soon after the arrival of the family in London, he communicated his sentiments to his father, and after some persuasion, gained his consent to his views ; “ That is,” said the old member, “ so far as I am concerned ; but, remember, it must all depend upon your mother,” at whose approach, indeed, he always felt a “ *tremblement de cœur*,” which showed by his agitated limbs that he was sensibly alive to the most insignificant of his spouse’s gesticulations. Poor man ! he had no favour in her presence. Never, alas ! had

“ Use made her person easy to his sight,
Nor ease insensibly produced delight.”

How then was the son to deal with this fiery lady ?—To speak to her on the subject, without

giving her some previous warning, he knew, would be of no avail; and therefore he determined to leave town for a few days, and dispatch his trusty black servant, Sam, with a note explaining his views. But, before coming to the result of the application, it is necessary the reader should have some notion of the woolly-headed messenger who bore it.

Poor Sam had escaped from one land of liberty, (America,) where, being guilty of a black skin, he was a slave, to another land of liberty, (England,) where he was presently found guilty of a blue jacket, and impressed. In which situation Harold found and adopted him as his servant, and by good management procured his discharge on shore in that capacity.

In the country, Sam was at first known as a curiosity, whose skin the village children used to touch to ascertain if the black would come off; and latterly as a good-natured fellow, who took them on his knee,—showing them his white

teeth, of which at first they were so horrified, believing they had been filed to eat human flesh. But they soon enjoyed his grin, to the full as much as he did their wry faces at the gulps of strong beer with which (loving extremely himself) he occasionally indulged his little favourites.

Sam had a trick, common among negroes, of singing messages; and he was overheard on his way back from town, after having delivered Harold's note, repeating the result in order to refresh his memory, before he came to his master.

“ Massa gib Sam de nowgt, cheah ! cheah !

Sam gib Massa's mudder de nowgt, cheah ! cheah !

She stampy, and she ravy, eh ah ! che ! erry boy !

Sam look rader payl—cheah ! cheah !

For fear of de kick—cheah ! cheah !

Sam hoppy off de twig—cheah ! cheah !

Sam bolt to tell Massa—cheah ! cheah !”

Such indeed was the result of his errand—for he arrived without any answer ; and Harold immediately set off to make a personal application.

His reception was boisterous in the extreme ; for, on entering the room, his enraged parent stormed, stamped, threatened, and trembled with rage.

“ If you demean your family by seeking such a degrading connexion,” she concluded, “ you will break my heart ! I will discard you for ever ! I will cut you off without a shilling, and no power on earth shall induce me to receive you again. Carriage !” she shrieked, ringing the bell furiously—“ carriage !” and away she bounced out of the house, through two rows of liveried menials, who bowed attention to her fury as she hurried along the stripe of gay carpet from the door to the vehicle ; and slamming down the blinds, the coachman drove off, to obey of course his standing daylight orders, “ through Bond-street ; and James’s,” while the cringing menials, winking, blinking, and putting out their tongues, dispersed to their several occupations.

It was long before Harold overcame his mother's objections, which, however, he at last achieved, by the mere good luck of finding out, that through a most unexceptionable, though a very Welsh pedigree, the Herberts were distantly related to a long-titled, long-pursed Marquis; and the appeased parent presently prostituted the press, by announcing that the affair was on the tapis; taking care, of course, to make known the distinguished relationship of her son's intended.

Although love is proverbially blind, yet our hero thought his case an exception, and pronounced it merely a sympathetic affection, which must exist in both parties at the same time;—nay, he had been often heard to declare his belief, that when an offer of marriage was made without there being a reciprocal attachment, the woman must be a flirt, or the man a fool; yet, now that he had more reason to expect success with Emily, he felt the less assured of it.

On his arrival at Mr. Herbert's, he was informed that gentleman was absent on a short tour in Wales. Thither he immediately posted, and joined the party near the southern extremity of that lovely country.

They were viewing the scenery from Wind Cliff—the Rigiberg of South Wales. Emily had been depicting its beauties with the pen, while her sister sketched the same with her pencil; and their father, who had half an hour before encountered a lady he had known in early life as a gay and fashionable character, now faded, worn, and, wandering about, seeking a prolongation of existence, had written the following lines on a leaf in his youngest daughter's memorandum book.

Mark that light form which wanders o'er the hill

In silent, solemn, melaucholy mood !

Behold that languid eye, where tears distill,

And dim its roaming o'er the beauteous wood !

That cheek, so pale, had once health's roseate bloom ;

That eye, so listless, had its brightness too ;

That pallid lip (sad emblem of the tomb !)
Spoke but of pleasure once, and smiled like you.

And you, like it, must wither and decay ;
By age, or sickness, you must also die ;
Then let not Folly harbinger your way,
But Virtue lead you virtuous to the sky.

Let those proud rocks your Maker's power declare :
Let that poor fading form your pity move ;
Let both instruct you timely to beware,
And seek the path which leads to realms above.

When Harold reached the spot, Mr. Herbert was perusing Emily's composition,—not, indeed, with the eye of a critic, but with the emotions of a father delighted to find the beauties of Nature awakening such reflections as he was ever solicitous to encourage in his children. Emily's scrap contained a description of the place, wound up by observations which did honour to her head and heart. The scene, in truth, was beautiful :—Towns, villages, castles, and churches, decked the magnificent landscape before them. The golden corn-fields waved joyously in the wind, and

all around seemed gladness. Boats were sailing on the river, winding among the woodland cliffs, and the ocean was spotted with arriving and departing ships; every thing seemed to show man's superiority and intelligence, and yet to mark his insignificance in comparison to the magnitude of the creation.

The appearance of our hero in such a place and at such a time, was indeed a surprise to the little party. The two sisters received him with that real pleasure which was wont to illumine their lovely countenances on former visits; but Mr. Herbert was distant and reserved, till an opportunity occurred for an explanation.

Emily, though attached to Harold as a friend, and, perhaps if strictly examined, something more than comes under the meaning of that platonic denomination, had never once thought seriously of matrimony with the person who now, with the sanction of her father, proposed it to her; and therefore demanded time for consideration. Time did that which it is wont

to do in such cases :—the bashful girl resolved to love and obey one whom she had already every reason to respect and esteem, and soon afterwards became the bride of the impatient Harold, who, in truth, found a jewel of high price in his good and accomplished Emily,—for accomplished she was, in the best sense of that word. By the society of the wife, the austerities of the husband's character were softened; while his firmness strengthened, cherished, and maintained the principles of duty so eagerly pursued by his lovely partner.

Harold's mother, ever anxious to show off her possessions in the splendour of festivity, did not neglect the opportunity her son's nuptials afforded; while the happy pair, already tired of the numerous parties which ensued after the wane of the honeymoon, rejoiced to find the gaieties were to be wound up by a ball.

THE BALL.

It was a thing in the style of the “beau

monde,"—a world, "sans doute," which must always be beautiful.

"There was music of course, and the ears tingled with the vagary of harmony: there were voices of seraphs issuing from such lips! And then the tempting smiles of attitudinal sylphs, that set the senses in a whirl, till reason cooled and truth grew sick at lisps and simpers, and such affected things as harlequin the walls of modern exhibitions. Here, too, could be observed manœuvring mothers, *mettre en scène leurs filles afin de leur trouver des maris*, and all the trick and trade of revelling which causes such mirth and laughter at the more vulgar and city-like aspirants to fashion. Here were man-hunters and woman-hunters, and smugglers and poachers, with all kinds of titles save those which they merited, bewitching and bewitched with this nonsense, so "*distingue*;"—in short, Harold's mother contrived to have every creature of rank within the pale of her acquaintance, at this full-blood jubilee.

One character out of the number two hundred and twenty-two, who looked languid and interesting, and drove home at four in the morning, (as connected with our history,) must here be sketched. It was Colonel Lord Coulevre; a man much too weak to be virtuous, but bold enough for vice; one bearing the name of a soldier, but more famed in love than known in war; a person of whom it was usual to say, on his entering the room, "Ah! here he comes, looking nothing dismayed by the last affair!" and the eyes of many a lady turned to glance at the seducer of every woman who was weak enough to be captivated by his person or manners. The former was elegant, and the latter graceful; and as he was neither deficient in talents, wit, nor polish, besides possessing rank and wealth, it is not surprising that he was a creature often gazed upon by the vain and unreflecting female votaries of fashion, who set profligacy at nought when crowned by a coronet.

Coulevre was that kind of degraded mon-

ster described by the poet,—a man lost to every thing but the gratification of his passions:—

“ By dangerous softness long he min’d his way,
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep ;
By sharing what corruption shower’d profuse ;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague ;
And pleasing manners fitted to deceive.”

He had ruined many a wife and daughter, and broken the hearts of more parents than even he in his bold depravity now dared to reflect upon ; but we must leave the dark shades of the picture and proceed with the story.

CHAPTER III.

'Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore.

GRAY.

IN professional life it frequently happens, that appointments which have been as eagerly solicited as often denied, arrive at periods when they are comparatively valueless; but though the enthusiasm and spirit of the members of a public service be weakened by such denials, and the flood-tide of ambition checked in its spring, yet, on the whole, the individual man is rendered more rational by being disappointed in unreasonable expectations. This, however, is a philosophy which, though difficult to attain,

we recommend to the consideration of our readers, and proceed with the narrative.

Harold had not been married more than three months, and seemed to enjoy that happy state of connubial felicity, "which unites pleasure with reason," when he was appointed to command one of his Majesty's ships.

The parting of the affectionate pair, at such a period of their married life, must be left to the married to describe; but the call of duty was to be obeyed, and our hero, leaving his lovely wife in the charge of her venerable parent, set out to perform it, accompanied by Sam, who, ever ready to follow the fortunes of his benefactor, was presently initiated in his former post in the ship as captain's servant.

A few months afterwards, this beautiful, though small ship of war lay becalmed, out of sight of land, in the regions of the West Indies. The day was sultry in the extreme, and the officers and crew, oppressed with the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun, sought re-

fuge under the awnings, beneath which a gentle air passed as the ship rose over the smooth undulating waves, which rolled on without one ripple upon their calm blue surface.

As the sun went down, the atmosphere assumed a gloomy appearance; and though no breath of wind was yet stirring, and the ship lay listless and unmanageable on the heaving ocean, yet the topsails were reefed, and courses close-hauled up. During the first watch, the weather looked still more portentous, and there was but one ominous interruption to the darkness which had spread around: it was

“A little glooming light, much like a shade,”

which hung over a dreary spot on the western horizon. A gentle breeze from that direction presently filled the sails, and the gallant ship began to breast the waves, and threw up their white fringes against her varnished bows. “Haul on board the fore tack!” called the officer of the watch; and instantly the released

sail fluttered in the increasing breeze ; but scarcely was it set, when a sudden glare of lightning, broad and bright, illumined the whole concave arch of the heavens, and showed the ropes pencilled in gilded strings among the tall masts and gleaming sails. Then came a tremendous crash of thunder, and the rain fell fast and in large drops. “Luff!” cried the officer, as the ship began to feel her canvass ; but no sooner was the order issued than there was a rush of wind upon the waters, and the ship heeled almost on her beam-ends, trembling under the force of the gust that roared among the tackling. “Let fly the topsail-sheets !—up with the helm!” vociferated the same voice that had before called “Luff;” but the loud blast, howling amidst the gloom, drowned all less powerful sounds. Then came the tempest whirl, and took the sails aback ; the top-masts went by the board, and the whelming brine rushed over the decks, sweeping the unprepared to a watery grave. One sudden flash

of light showed them struggling with the stifling waves, and then they were for ever hidden by their curling tops, which sparkled in the deep obscurity of night.

The hurricane soon passed away, but left this late so beauteous object, as a work of art, a wreck upon the troubled waters.

Daylight came, and all was calm and still ; while the remainder of the harassed crew, so recently poised 'twixt life and death, were again at work, with cheerful voice, equipping their floating home.

As liberty springs out of the convulsions of stormy times, so does the soul of a truly great man rise in the hour of danger. Harold, on this, as on all other occasions, had shown great skill and judgment ; for, added to natural talents and activity, he had acquired steadiness of character from continual experience in professional duties, and from the high responsibility of his situation as commander of a British man-of-war.

He had gained the confidence of his officers and men, not by boisterous declamation, or its opposite extreme, popularity-seeking suavity; but by a calm, steady, firm, and manly conduct, which at once secured obedience and respect.

One evening, a few weeks afterwards, (when the ship had been put into her former style of equipment, and was sailing along with a favouring breeze,) Sam was seen amusing his shipmates in the galley with a number of Negro antics.

“Come, Sam!” said the captain of the fore-top, who was turning his quid on the starboard-side of the galley, just after the hammocks were piped down, “tip us a stave out of that black muzzle of yours! tune up your pipes, you woolly-headed monster, do:” continued he, while Sam, rather proud of his vocal talents, presently had a ring of laughing listeners formed round him, anticipating one of those Negro effusions which consist of a few words

often repeated,—in the articulation of which, attitude is every thing. Sam gave three raps on the deck with his feet, stretched out his arms, gulped in an immense mouthful of warm air, and thus began :

“ Here ’s a health to King Garge, with a whee waw !

[One rap with the foot.

Here ’s a health to King Garge with a whee waw ! *[two do.*

Here ’s a health to King Garge with a whee waw ! *[Three do.*

Oh ! Garge is de boy for de war !

[One electric jump and a shout.

He send out de ship, he send out de gun !

[Three raps with the feet.

His soldier and sailor be mad for de fun ; *[Six do.*

Dey gib Master Boney some ticklum fum-fum. *[Nine do.*

Oh ! Garge is de boy ! *[Two electric jumps and a shout.*

Eh ! ah ! che ! erry boy !

King Garge is de boy for de war !”

[Yelling, jumping, clattering his feet, swinging his arms, and showing his white teeth.

The last notes, along with a loud laugh, had ascended the upper-deck, when the man at the mast-head shouted “ A sail to leeward, Sir !” “ What does she look like ?” replied the officer of the watch. “ A ship going

free, with stu'n-sails set," answered the man, slipping the superfluous syllable from the name of the sail. "Turn the hands up! make sail," said Harold, springing on deck; "up with the helm, quartermaster!—There, steady so!" and the yards were trimmed accordingly, while every "stitch of sail" was spread from their heights to catch the light breeze as the ship bore down to investigate the stranger. "Another sail, Sir!" hallooed the man from the mast-head; and another, and another followed, steering the same course.

Before the twilight had faded away, the strange ships were seen from the deck. The private signal for the day, looked out from the papers in the lead-lined box, was displayed; but the suspicious-looking strangers altered their course, without, however, attempting to answer the interrogatory bunting which floated in the breeze, till the shades of night mingled its colours with their own.

His Majesty's ship * * * * was instantly

hauled to the wind, under easy sail, bringing the distant ships on her lee-beam, with the intention of keeping aloof till the morning.

The night private-signal was then made, but the wrong answer was returned, and the decks were immediately cleared for action, while the same distant position was maintained for the remainder of the night.

Daylight appeared, and the four strange ships, in a line, showed hulls of no ordinary length, with tiers of ports, tall masts, and white sails, drawn on some dark threatening clouds to leeward, which seemed to indicate a change of wind. Unluckily for the English ship, this soon afterwards happened to be the case, which gave the foreigners (for the cut of their canvass told them to be such) the weather-gage, and they advanced briskly towards the solitary ship, whose sails did not fill with the inconstant breeze till some time after those of her pursuers were gracefully distended with its influence.

The headmost ship, a large frigate, presently spoke to the retiring vessel in the language of war; and while the flaming breath of two eighteen-pounders issued from the bow-ports, the tri-coloured flag was unfolded and floated broad out in the now freshening wind.

The shot fell short, nor was the challenge answered till a well-aimed ball from the stern-chasers of the English vessel went, plop, plop, through the sails of the headmost frigate of the enemy; while the gay ensign of England wafted from the peak, and her long switching pendant curled gloriously out from the truck.

The force was much too superior to hope for any thing but retreat; therefore, with a view of crippling the masts of the enemy, a running fire was kept up,—first from the stern, and then as their case became more desperate, from the quarter-guns.

“Starboard!” said Harold, “now give her your quarter-guns!” and their shot instantly

hissed along, as he watched the effect they took. "Splinters from the bow !" Not a sail drooped. "Give her another sheer ! Now for your other quarter-guns !" and as the smoke cleared away, the Frenchman's foretopmast-studding-sail-boom was observed to be shattered, and the sail fluttering in the breeze. "Try it again !" cried the commander, and the ship was again and again yawed as each officer displayed his skill as a marksman, while the shot seemed to take good effect on the decreasing sail of the enemy.

The Frenchman continued to fire his bow guns, which had shivered the quarter-boats, and killed a few men at the after-quarters of the English ship ; till, finding himself galled by the continued effect which the shot were taking on the sails, and rendering the escape of his opponent more probable, the frigate gave a broad sheer to port, and her powerful broadside was poured into the retreating little ship, with but too much precision. The maintopmast, with its crowd of sail, fell with a heavy crash.

“Stand to your guns, my lads!” said their undaunted commander and encouraging officers: “Try it again! Now’s your time, pitch it into them!” and the gallant little ship trembled under the influence of her own fire, as she was kept right before the wind, and all sail set on the foremast.

The enemy’s squadron were now nearing fast, while the English ship writhed under the heavy fire of her closing opponent. Another broadside, and she was a total wreck. Her remaining masts, and her colours fell together. The day was over; splinters, masts, and sails, strewn the encumbered decks, on which the now bleeding, mutilated crew were scattered about, to await the arrival of boats from the enemy’s ships.

Harold had received a severe wound in the shoulder; but, unwilling to leave the deck, he leaned against one of the carronades, which remained, like the others, in the position to which the recoil had impelled it at the last fire.

The French boats presently arrived, and the

officer who commanded them, on reaching the deck, took off his hat, and, stepping over the blood-stained planks, presented himself before the afflicted Harold, who was suffering both from his wound, and the more agonizing mental pain of losing his ship. Few words were spoken ; and those which were, seemed but to say, “ Such is the fortune of war ;” for the minds of the victors, busy with their conquest, and those of the captured with their fate, had little to communicate to each other.

As the boat advanced with the wounded English captain towards the ship, on board of which was the commander of the French squadron, all eyes and telescopes from the others appeared to be directed to this floating speck upon the ocean ; and as Harold walked slowly along the quarter-deck, to present his sword to the conqueror, he seemed to be pierced on all sides with that curiosity, so gratifying to one party, yet so distressing to the other.

The French admiral received him with all

the courtesy peculiar to his nation; and if words could console, they were abundantly uttered, as his sword was returned, with a profusion of compliments on the masterly way in which he had defended himself against so superior a force; nor was this all, for every attention was paid to himself, his officers and crew, in acts of real kindness, by those of their own rank on board the French ship; and it was a pleasing spectacle to behold those fierce spirits who, amidst the furious wrath of war, dealt destruction around, now occupied in acts of humanity to their fellow-creatures.

The foreign squadron, bound on an expedition of much importance, still hovered about their conquest, like vultures unwilling to leave their prey; but the English ship was found in so shattered and leaky a state, as to make her a great impediment to their voyage; and, before the jury-masts were rigged, several sail hove in sight; and determined the destruction of their capture, which was accordingly scuttled, and

sunk in the middle of the wide ocean, in sight of the brave crew who had defended her.

The vessels which were in sight were no other than a British squadron, prowling about in pursuit of the identical French ships which had been committing such havock on the seas. The hearts of our English prisoners became lighter with the hope of being rescued; and, while the conquerors wished their ships to scud with the swiftness of the wind, the conquered prayed for every impediment that the mind of man could invent against their progress.

Some of the enemy's ships were captured by the English before they reached France; but the one on board of which Harold was, unfortunately for him, arrived safe in her native port.

Many were the anxious hours he passed in reflecting on his situation, occasionally excited to hope of release by the ships that chased them; but when the heavy anchor plunged

into the water of the French harbour, and the forts thundered a salute, such sounds carried heaviness to his heart, and a full conviction of his separation from his poor Emily rushed upon his mind.

CHAPTER IV.

GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE IN FRANCE.

As the English prisoners were escorted through the different villages, on their route to a place of security, the inhabitants flocked to the doors of their cottages, to gratify their curiosity at the sight of their determined enemies, and to ask a number of questions worthy of their understanding ;—" If the English all lived in ships?" &c.—while the more erudite exclaimed (as they imagined the greatest possible compliment), "*Diable ! ces Messieurs Anglois sont à peu près comme nous autres.*"

Some of the more brilliant spirits, indeed, had caught the enthusiastic feeling that pervaded the Marseillaise, and chanted remnants of their hymn, "*Aux armes, citoyens, liberté ! liberté*

chérie !" &c.—watchwords which led perhaps to the most complete system of despotism ever established under the banners of national vanity, but it was—

“ Un despotism temperé d'une chanson.”

The dreary shades of night had fallen over the beautiful and fresh, though champaign landscape, when they arrived at their place of destination. It was a fortified town, and the hoarse voice of the sentinel, with his loud “*qui vive !*” from a post at the drawbridge, proclaimed them near its entrance. The parole and countersign followed, while the creaking of the portcullis soon indicated the platform to be in a state to enter ; and the party, under a strong guard, were ushered to their several quarters for the night. In the morning, the officers were admitted to their parole of honour ; while the seamen were escorted to prison, in another district.

Sam was now obliged to part from his

wounded master, to whom he was sincerely attached by every tie of gratitude. "Massa!" he said, as he took his leave, "may" (and he turned his eyes to Heaven, but without saying a word for several seconds) "send its blessing upon Massa!—Sam—may nebba see 'im more"—poor missa!—poor massa Herbert!"

The departure of his faithful servant along with the remainder of the gallant crew, who had so well earned that appellation, to a place of confinement, was to him a source of sorrowful reflection; for, even in his own ameliorated condition as an officer, he felt for his men; many of whom, like himself, were experiencing the misery of separation from their wives and families.

Every one is now so well acquainted with the peculiarities of French character, that the very distinctiveness of manners, formerly so striking to an Englishman on his arrival in France, seems at present almost amalgamated with his own; and the inhabitants of Europe entire,

appear to know, by a mutual interchange of sentiments, that, blinded as we may all occasionally be by prejudices wrapt up in the disguise of custom, we are alike subject to universal passions and a common nature.

The following morning, the Governor, Count de S * * * called on our hero, leaving his compliments and his name on the corner of "the knave of diamonds."

This circumstance, though by no means uncommon with Monsieur le Comte, and many of his countrymen, who are not always so nice as Englishmen in these paper matters, was nevertheless very amusing to Harold; and when he was sufficiently recovered from his wound, he had the honour to attend Monsieur le Comte's *soirée*.

The old soldier was of course "charmed" and "enchanted" to see him, and, in truth, behaved with the utmost kindness and attention. The English captain, not having before made his appearance, was the lion of the night, and

all those who could spare any time from the dance, took their *gâteau* and sip of innocent beverage near to the prisoner; for the double purpose of gratifying their curiosity, and being civil whenever an opportunity offered.

The pleasure which is derived from music, by an association of ideas, has necessarily its opposite, pain; and those sounds which now appeared to delight others, produced melancholy in the breast of the prisoner of war:—his ship was destroyed, his men in confinement, and his wife and friends were far from him; still, however, when the merry sounds ceased, and the band spoke in soft accord some of Mozart's exquisite compositions, a silent pleasure seemed to spring from the source of pain, and, with the true lovers of music, the enthusiasm of vanity, and the despondency of disappointment, gave way to more tranquil feelings, as if

(“ Their tears, their little triumphs o’er,)

 Their human passions were no more.”

Harold experienced much good-will from the old Count, in whose family, circumstances had taken place which produced great sympathy for his situation; for it is the weakness of human nature to find consolation in fellow-suffering.

Julie, the Count's youngest daughter, had been on the point of marriage with a young officer of the Imperial Guard; but he was captured by the English, and died twelve months after his arrival in England. The sudden intelligence that Adolphe was no more, produced a brain fever, from the effects of which poor Julie had never recovered.

Though she was generally tranquil and composed, her senses continually wandered to the melancholy catastrophe. "Adolphe! Adolphe!" she frequently ejaculated, and then she would twine her hair and burst into a flood of tears, till fancy led her away to woods and wild flowers, and she would gaze and speak of Nature's beauties, and the little warbling birds,

and “the dead linnet,” and say, “poor thing ! no more, no more !”

The first time Harold was privately introduced to the family of the Count, Adeline rose from her drawing to receive him with all the grace of a Frenchwoman ; while poor Julie, whose back was towards the door, continued to play the guitar and sing the beautiful and well-known ballad, to which chance had led her, with a pathos that might have been taken for a consciousness of every sound and word she was uttering :

“ L’encens des fleurs embaume cet asile,
La nuit descend à pas silencieux,
Le lac est pur, l’air est frais et tranquille,
La paix du soir se repand dans ces lieux.

O ma patrie !
O mon bonheur !
Toujours chérie,
Tu rempliras mon cœur.

“ Venez jouir, O mes jeunes compagnes,
Du plus beau soir après le plus beau jour,
Faisons redire aux échos des montagnes
Ces chants si purs de tendresse et d’amour,

O ma patrie !
O mon bonheur !
Toujours chérie,
Tu rempliras mon cœur.

“ Phœbé, perçant à travers le feuillage,
De mon ami m’annonce le retour ;
Déjà j’entends au lointain du rivage
Sa douce voix repeter à son tour,

O ma patrie !
O mon bonheur !
Toujours chérie,
Tu rempliras mon cœur.”

Alas ! poor girl ! her heart had once been full of her country, of love and of happiness ; but now reason was gone. Her country ! what was it ?—a vision of fancy. Her love ?—a phantom. Her happiness ?—a dream : and yet how like reality !

When the lovely songstress had ceased, she turned round and fixed her full, dark eyes on Harold. “ This is the English captain,” said Adeline. “ *Anglois ! Anglois ! prisonnier !*” (as if in reason, exclaimed the broken-hearted girl ;)
“ Adolphe ! Adolphe !” she cried, and then hung

her head and wept bitterly. "Here!" said she, taking Harold's hand and placing it to her heart, as if to tell its sorrows; "see! see! it beats!" and the scalding tears streamed down her cheeks, while she continued to articulate with throbbing accents—"The eagle's alive, but the linnet is dead!—away! away! The dew is on the primrose! Look at the wild flowers!" (and then she smiled most piteously) "Oh! how fresh! Hark! hark! the storm—'tis dark! 'tis winter! how the cold blast roars!—away! away!"

Our hero was too much affected at this distressing sight to utter a word; and the old Count and Adeline, perceiving his emotion, drew him into conversation on other subjects; while poor Julie relapsed into the vacant gaze of heartstricken melancholy.

The iron hand of war, which had fallen so much more heavily upon others, was a lesson of humility to Harold; who already began to repine at the misery of his situation: and he

retired from such a scene humbled at his own ingratitude for the blessings that were still in his power.

Even affected humanity sometimes meets with its reward; for it happened that Harold's mother had been very civil to Adolphe in London. She heard of him as a young Frenchman of good family and accomplishments, and as she had been told by somebody that Madame de Stael said, "*Un François sait encore parler lors même il n'a point d'idée,*" she was glad to have him as a lion at her parties; and the old Count was pleased to have an opportunity of repaying any civilities, real or imaginary, (for he was too amiable to examine closely into motives, knowing that they often made people blush or look pale,) which the unfortunate Adolphe had received in a strange country. Thus, our hero's situation was made much more comfortable, by the attentions of the worthy old soldier and his amiable family, in whose society, together with

that of Father Ambrose, the priest, much of his time was spent.

Father Ambrose, in mien and manners, resembled that monk whom an Italian painted, and an Englishman described. He was "mild, pale, penetrating," and free from all appearance of contented ignorance, at the same time possessing a character likely to do credit to any religion he espoused. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and, though educated for a priest, owing to the stormy times of the Revolution, he had not entered into the practical duties of his profession till he was past the middle age. Having seen and endured much, he was void of that austerity which would damn all beyond the pale of one creed, and seemed to know, that although

" In faith and hope the world will disagree,
Yet all mankind's concern is charity."

Auricular confession, indeed, gave him enormous power over the weaker and more credulous part of the community ; while his

sober, steady zeal gained the respect of those who did not choose to conform to the dictates of that religion they pretended to, and he conscientiously professed; and thus, though many might object to the tenets of the priest, none found fault with the practice of the man; so that Father Ambrose possessed great influence with all classes of people.

From him Harold usually received the news, and, by way of amusement, frequently extracted passages from the Journals and Bulletins, some scraps of which will be found in a future part of our history; but, alas! what solid information could be gained from these?

In England, good men may frequently have reason to be offended with the licentiousness of the press; yet with liberty, as with every thing else, the abuse is no argument against its use; and it is to be feared, that in most countries, where the trammels of censorship are suffered to enchain public spirit, they

proceed more from selfish fear than just principles. Who, for instance, is there in Britain, with one spark of the *real* love of freedom, that would not rather be cudgelled by John Bulls, whipped by Couriers, proclaimed by Heralds—Examined, Gazetted, Chronicled, and Posted for any thing, for every thing, or for nothing—nay, be banded about from Times to Times, in the Spirit of the Age—be Atlass'd in black letter, and made the sport of every Traveller in the Globe, rather than lose one iota of the liberty of the press, and be forced, as it were, to cry, I do believe ! a what ?—a lie ?

In England we have little to fear, so long as the oars of public spirit continue to ply and impel the bark of liberty : but here, too, the rowers may become enamoured of ease and voluptuousness, grow weary at the oar, while the bark slinks imperceptibly down the ebb-tide of opinion, and at last is lost in the wild and ungovernable ocean of turbulent passions.

Our laws will punish abuse—but let us preserve our liberty.

“ Oh, first and most benevolent of Powers !
Come from eternal splendour, here on earth,
Against despotic pride and rage and lust,
To shield mankind ; to raise them to assert,
The native rights and honour of their race.”

While nations were overwhelmed and kings dethroned by the armies of France ; while her soldiers cut their way to the very pinnacle of military glory, and the arts were not discouraged ; yet war, which runs hand in hand with falsehood and vanity, raising halos of fame about one nation, out of the wreck, disgrace, and distress of others, prevented the due influence of truth, and only a particular few of the inhabitants of this great empire knew the real state of its affairs. No letter that contained any political intelligence ever escaped the vigilance of the police ; therefore, no communication of that sort was attempted by Harold's friends. His first letter was from that brother whom

all the world thought so strange—and, if the variety of his compositions were to be taken as evidence, the dissimilarity of the style, at different times, certainly showed him distinct from other people; whether it was a deviation from sense or nonsense, the reader is left to judge.

“ Beginning of July.

“ DEAR HAROLD,

“ Sad business to be a prisoner!—*c'est la guerre! la guerre!*” Lords lazy, Commons dull, and the town tired of their talk—foolish people to be tired of affectation! The public seem to say that Pitt’s politics caused the Egyptian plague, and that Fox had something to do with the Walcheren fever. Silly mortals! to insinuate that all politics are chancery—but that is merely an opinion, and what is man’s opinion?

Presumptuous breath, that poisons the fresh air,
Which, pure inhaled, receives the taint of sin,
And quick recoils corrupted from the breast,
To spread its baneful influence on the world.’

“ Some of the Fox followers have fallen into a Pit—deep business ! Poor Emily has been ill ever since she heard of your disaster—was insulted by that snake Couleuvre, who, both before and afterwards, was encouraged in his addresses to our sister Dalia, by our dearly beloved mother :—the monster !—should have had him out, but—the story is too long. Let me hear from you soon, but say not a word about battles or bombast, or the letter will never leave France. Plenty of cash at your command. Don’t eat frogs, or the metals you carry in your pocket will galvanize you till you jump out of your skin.

Ever your’s,

M. J. C. W. L.”

The circumstance alluded to by his brother, caused Harold the most tormenting thoughts, and rendered his situation unhappy in the extreme. His wife insulted by the person who was addressing his sister, and encouraged both

before and afterwards by his mother, was an idea at once so monstrous and revolting, that he could scarcely credit that he understood the letter aright. He read it again and again, but still it carried the same sad conviction, for he knew his brother to be a man of unquestionable honour and veracity.

Six months elapsed before any farther tidings reached the anxious husband. He did at last, however, receive a letter from Mr. Herbert, detailing the whole circumstance ; and one from his suffering wife, that said but little on the subject.

From Mr. Herbert's letter it appeared that, soon after the captain's departure, Couleuvre, under cover of addressing his sister, had formed a premeditated design on the chastity of his wife. The ambitious mother, who fancied she saw prospectively a distinguished coronet closely allied to her, was flattered by the gay, attentive, obliging, and even obsequious manners of the noble lord towards herself and daughter, and, forgetful of the dignity of her nature, gave

every encouragement to a man, not indeed without a character, but possessing one of the very blackest dye.

A mind filled with guilt and depravity finds it difficult to believe in the existence of virtue and piety,—and Couleuvre's was of that kind. His association with the fair sex had been of the most unfortunate nature, though he imagined it to be of the most brilliant and successful description. He firmly believed in the truth of the too often repeated satirical couplets:—

“ Nothing so true as what you once let fall,—
Most women have no character at all :”

and that

“ Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake.”

He had no idea of that high character, that pure morality, that patience under suffering, that mild, calm, steady affection of which they are capable, nor of that generosity, tenderness,

and dignified virtue which is illumined by the light of religion in the heart of woman :—of this sort of woman Couleuvre had no notion ; and therefore it is not surprising that he, like other licentious coxcombs, should frequently mistake virtuous affability for lascivious inclination. Never was there a more striking example of such a mistake, than in the instance of the good Emily. The wretched monster himself was awed by her virtuous indignation, when he attempted to show the meaning of his ambiguous words ; and he shrunk abashed, like a conscious villain, from the gaze of innocence.

Mr. Herbert was grieved to find that, on the circumstance being communicated to Harold's mother, she merely considered it “ a silly affair,” and still persisted that his Lordship was a very advisable match for her daughter ; to such a degrading state did ambition, the love of show and distinction, reduce the mind of this woman without principle !

It was not till some time after the circum-

stance had taken place, that our hero's brother was made acquainted with it, who then sent to demand satisfaction of Couleuvre. His friend, on arriving at the castle, was told that his Lordship was ill, and could not be seen. This, however, he considered as mere evasion, and peremptorily demanded an audience. The weak-minded domestic, frightened at his impetuosity, said, "I'll—I'll—I'll show you, Sir, to his Lordship's room." One glance, however, was enough, and he turned with horror from the dreadful sight before him.

Spiritless and deserted, the peer lay, an appalling spectacle of disease, amidst the gilded trappings of his spacious mansion. He had neither been inoculated nor vaccinated during his youth, and by accident he had been infected by that dreadful malady, inherent in our nature—the small-pox, which, threatening to make great ravages in his person, had affected his mind to such a degree as to produce a fever, which, combined with the loathsome

disease under which he was suffering, at last terminated his existence.

Our hero's father troubled himself little about the matter; but continued, according to his own supposition, to be very fond of a joke, and to tell many which appeared decidedly such to him, though none but himself could make them out. The following are specimens taken from his last letter to Harold:—

“I went to the House last night; and, although the debate was long, many people spoke.—Ha! ha!

“Your brother is an excellent newsman; he is like a horse's tail.—Ha!

“Sir William speaks too much; I told him he was like a brick.—Ha! ha! ha!

“Although Lord Couleuvre is dead, your mother and sister are as gay as potatoes.”

This last piece of wit was considered such an obvious hit, that it was marked by six suc-

cessive "ha's!" This letter concluded by informing Harold, "that Emily had made him a father, and that the child was a very pretty little boy."

The Rev. Charles Herbert, to Capt. Harold, R. N.

"MY DEAR HAROLD,

"Your poor Emily has suffered, year after year, so much from her anxiety about you, that I prevailed upon her to take one of our usual summer excursions, from which, I think, she has received great benefit. In our way from London, at her request, we visited the spot you took us to just before you left England, when, unfortunately, all its beauties were veiled in clouds,—I mean, the situation near the observatory at Greenwich; the view from which does indeed seem to concentrate, in a *coup d'œil*, the greatness of the British empire.

"It was evening when we reached the place where we had been before with you. The

western horizon was dyed with a warm though misty light, here and there blended with soft blue clouds, which mingled the distant landscape with the heavens.

“Below us was the noble 'Thames, spotted with vessels, whose sails were gleaming with the blushing hues of retiring light; while the huge ships of war, near the dock-yards, displayed their chequered sides in terrible array, and contrasted forcibly with the peaceful shores of the river.

“Farther on were the heavy ships of burthen, mantling for the Indies; and then a forest of tall masts, from which the colours of numerous nations floated wild and bright, till we saw them droop with the setting sun.

“Then came the great City, spread out as far as the eye could reach, partially obscured by dense clouds of smoke, which, as the wind dashed away their tops, left the noble spires protruding through their dusky fleeces.

“ I question whether Greece or Rome, in the meridian of their glory, could boast of such a scene as this,—entwined as it is with our warlike achievements, our moral strength, our national industry.

“ We gazed on it, Harold, proud of our country ; and while the voice of Fame seemed to whisper in the breeze the success of our fleets and armies, our sentiments were united in a prayer, that honour might preside in the palace of our King, virtue in the dwellings of his subjects, and the true religion in the churches of the world !

“ ‘ Then we turned our eyes to the magnificent building below us, dedicated by a grateful nation to her brave men ; and poor Emily pressed your little boy to her heart, with an expression that told us all how nearly and truly we were related to our country.

“ The following day, we visited the prisonships in the Medway, with very different feelings, however ; for war, if it awakens the great energies of a people, brings with it a propor-

tionate share of pride, vanity, ostentation, tyranny, cruelty, and oppression,—and more than a proportionate share of misery.

“The devouring flood of hateful passions which are let loose—the blazing roofs—the uncultivated fields—the separation of wives from their husbands and children from their parents, and all the dark catalogue of heart-broken mourners o’er the victims of unpeaceful death—speak to us of the joyless effects of war.

“Prisoners of war deserve better of humanity than national felons: surely nothing beyond their security should be exacted, and it would be worthy of the civilized world, to appropriate buildings of the most ample accommodation for the many who thus suffer from the ambition of the few.

“We saw the coffin of one poor man lowered into the boat. His was a melancholy fate, indeed: he had been a prisoner for several years, till at last his ardent mind could brook

confinement no longer. In a dark and wintry night, he plunged into the river, with the hope of escape; but was pursued, overtaken, and brought back by the guard-boat. The wet and cold, combined with the effect of disappointment, brought on the disease of which he lingered and died.

“ I hope you endeavour to be useful to our prisoners in France, in suggesting and encouraging employments. The Frenchmen here, you know, are very ingenious; they appear to seek for reconciliation to their situation by amusements and forgetfulness; while, I fear, Englishmen do not always succeed in the same effect, by their thought and reflection; but if we add to those two excellent qualities of our countrymen employment, there can be no doubt of the superiority of the result.

“ Emily was so distressed at the scene on board the prison-ships, that we only stayed long enough to observe that all was clean and in good order, and that they had as much com-

fort as the smallness of a ship would allow. When departing, we heard a few sounds of unbroken spirits, lovers of their country, cry ‘ *Vive l’Empereur ! Vive la liberté ! Vive la France !*’

“ I have been told that in France, even more than in England, (and here it is but too palpable,) there is often an attempt to fritter away the actual sense of words, in order to smooth down vice, embellish folly, or tolerate foibles. But the attempt, Harold, to make human existence in reality, such as it is read of in romance, is equally futile as ridiculous ; and I cannot help mentioning that which has been frequently alluded to by many of our best English authors, that however society may assay to alter the direct signification of acts, by changing the terms applied to them—by calling adultery, ‘ an affair ;’ gambling and robbery, ‘ play ;’ knavery, (if it mounts as high as the peerage,) ‘ tact ;’ lust and licentiousness, ‘ gallantry ;’ drunkenness, ‘ conviviality ;’ and murder, (if it be in a duel) ‘ honour ;’—yet the crimes remain the same, and

each individual who practises them, must bear their stings and torments.

“ ‘ Truth is of divine origin. Time alters it not, nor is it the better or worse for being discovered by ancients or moderns,’ foreigners, or countrymen. I hope, therefore, you will profit by the French virtues, and leave all their vices behind you.

“ I shall say nothing more to you on the subject of Lord Coulevre or your mother ; who, you are aware, considered the circumstance ‘ but a silly *affair*.’ It is our duty to forgive, which we most certainly do, though memory puts us on our guard against such unprovoked insults ; and, I am sorry to say, her manners and conduct are the same as ever.

“ Time (as the Roman orator said) often shows us ‘ the presumptuous vanity of men’s opinions ;’ but while it fixes the adjudications of nature, and points out our misapprehensions, it also demonstrates the necessity of subduing that nature to principle.

“ I need not say, how keenly we feel our

separation from you ; but it is our duty, as it is also your's, to guard against the indulgence of immoderate sorrow ; for the heaviest afflictions may become blessings. Set your head and hands to work, to keep your mind employed ; and, above all, search the Scriptures for that consolation, which is nowhere else to be found, and without which, life would indeed be intolerable.

Your's, most affectionately,

CHAS. HERBERT.

“Emily's letter, which is inclosed, contains all the domestic news.”

CHAPTER V.

I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

SHAKSPEARE.

BESIDES the taciturnity natural to an Englishman, Harold possessed a delicacy of sentiment, quite opposite to that French propensity of letting off the whole train of their accomplishments, private circumstances, and even love affairs, in the course of a day's acquaintance.

Doubtless we carry our caution and silence too far for the *agréments* of life, if a mutual interchange of ideas is considered to constitute them ; but, then, John Bull's sentiments are not so hacknied, and, proceeding from reflection, ought to be better than the hasty effusions of Monsieur Grenouille.

The Frenchman's conversation comes pop upon you, like a bottle of champagne,—froths, sparkles, and exhilarates, till at last it becomes insipid ; while that of an Englishman, like a magnum of genuine old port, is the better for being kept, will bear sipping, has some stamina, and, though a little heavy or so, produces a more lasting effect.

It was probably a combination of national taciturnity, with a dislike to bore other people with his misfortunes, that prevented Harold speaking of his family, who were only known to the old Count as persons that had been kind to poor Adolphe. They knew not even that he was married, till a circumstance happened, which called upon him to communicate more particulars of his situation. It was an anonymous letter to the following effect :—

“ In some constitutions there is more than an ordinary anxiety to find an object worthy of exclusive love. To man, the wide fields of

learning, politics, war, and trade are open ; but the great aim of tender, peaceful woman is domestic harmony : her ambition is love, and naturally so too ; for advice, comfort, consolation, and protection, are associated with the idea of matrimony. Some men are also equally alive to such affectionate associations ; and the Count de S * * *, though now so busied in his military occupations, is an example, for his was a marriage of romantic love.

“ His daughters inherit a similar disposition, and poor Julie is a melancholy example of strong feelings overthrowing reason. Adeline, too, is becoming the victim of her passions.

“ It is impossible to trace the thousand *bizareries* which awaken such attachments, but perhaps there is none more powerful than compassion and sympathy. Adeline deeply sympathizes with your situation as a prisoner, from having so keenly felt for the fate of the unfortunate Julie and Adolphe, and——but I shall say no more, for I trust this hint will be

sufficient to cause you to avoid her society as much as possible ; as your distant manners convince me that, if your affections are not already engaged, you have no reciprocal feeling of that nature towards her."

In reading the former part of the letter, Harold had no idea to what it could possibly lead ; but, far from experiencing the gratification of idle vanity, (for he was a real, and not a pretended man of honour,) he felt it incumbent upon him to disclose more of his private history to the Count's family than he had yet done, as the best and most delicate means of arriving at the truth of the information contained in the anonymous letter, and at once to put an end to any erroneous feelings which Adeline might entertain. A few days afterwards, he found an opportunity to do so. The old Count was with his daughters, and had just finished reading an account of a brilliant affair in Spain, where of course the French

were victors, though the English kept possession of the field, when Harold entered. Out of politeness, the old soldier did not read it over again, though he placed "*La Victoire*" of the French army in such a position as would be sure to attract the attention of his visitor, and afford him the pleasure of answering some questions as to the consistency of the movements of the divisions, in which he was a very Uncle Toby.

This little "*ruse de salon*" succeeded admirably; and the Count, having had the satisfaction he desired, left Harold at liberty to converse with Adeline. During their conversation, he contrived to let the little miniature of Emily, which he usually wore suspended about his neck, escape between the buttons of his waistcoat. It instantly attracted the attention of the anxious girl, who on examining it exclaimed, "*Ah! quelle beaux yeux! quelle beau sein! quelle belle tête! quelle jolie bouche! quelle air caressant et tendre! Ah, comme elle est angélique!*"

Est-elle votre sœur, Monsieur ? “No,” said Harold; “it is my wife.” “Your wife!” ejaculated Adeline, with great emotion, letting go the miniature—“your wife! And are you really married, then?” “Yes; I have that happiness,” replied Harold; “and that is a striking likeness of my dear Emily, who is the constant companion of my thoughts, as her little miniature is of my person. But no artist can paint her character, Adeline; I cannot tell you what she has been, or all she is to me. She is, indeed, too excellent for description. Here is part of her last letter, which I have translated into French, for the purpose of showing you how fortunate I am in possessing such a wife.” Adeline read the scrap with great emotion, for it contained sentiments of piety, virtue, meekness, and resignation. “*C’est un ange!*” she exclaimed, on finishing it. “*Ah, comme vous êtes heureux!* I think—I think I could love her,” she was continuing, when their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of company, who came to eat *gâteaux*,

drink small wine, dance, play cards, talk of love and war, and celebrate the fame of "*la Grande Nation*."

Harold had little doubt but the writer of the anonymous letter was Father Ambrose, and that Adeline had probably consulted him on the propriety of loving a heretic. Such, indeed, was not the only instance our hero had an opportunity of observing, of the amazing power auricular confession places in the hands of a priest as a member of the community; and although the character of Father Ambrose was much too high and honourable to make an evil use of it, yet, after all, he was but a man, like others subject to frailty, liable to fall away from faith, and scatter the secrets entrusted to him to the winds.

*To Captain Harold, R. N. from his brother
M. J. C. W. L.*

"DEAR HAROLD,

"I am most anxious for your exchange. How is it that I never appreciated your good quali-

ties so much as I do now? Is it absence and distance, think you, that work a change; or was it the familiarity of relationship that prevented me esteeming them sufficiently before? With brothers and relations it is, I presume, (as with captains,) once a boy, always a boy. Men's characters read to most advantage at a distance; for, as imagination outstrips reality, there is always a lamentable falling off in close contact. The fool's grins, or the rogue's plans, are continually peeping through the cracked mask of dissimulation; not to say a word of the cloven foot of Vice, which, every now and then, gives one a clumsy kick under the table.

“I dined with our schoolfellow R——, the other day, at his father's, where were assembled a number whom the world call ‘great;’ but here, also, familiarity was much too powerful for fame. Religion seemed to lose its solemnity, philosophy its merit, and war its grandeur, by the unceremonious designations of leading characters; to which ‘Bob’ the bishop, ‘Tom’ the professor, and ‘Jack’ the general, contributed most

freely. The statesman would have every thing done with the pen, the philosopher with the head, the general with the sword, and the bishop with the Bible, each becoming noodles in turn. But enough of this, Harold, which should teach us a lesson of toleration and good-will towards each other.

“Our mother has been trumpeting abroad (and no trombone has a more brazen voice), that I promise fair to become a great statesman. Foolish old woman! she little knows the unfitness of my nature for

‘Those wily shifts of state, those juggler’s tricks,
Which we call deep design and politics.’

I should soon have my name enrolled among the Honourable and Right Honourable dunces, as well as democrats, ‘who shrink every session into their proper dimensions,’ by the withering blast of powerful oratory of the more gigantic aspirants for political fame. It is a capital school for people who fancy themselves clever. What! think you, are there more wise men who don’t talk, than fools who do? Couleuvre has

been buried with great pomp. All his mourning friends attended, and of course wept bitterly. His name is engraven on a handsome monument, where the figure of Virtue is weeping over Merit—decorated by his motto,

‘VIRTUTE ET MERITIS.’

When I informed our father of the circumstance, he was taking his usual walk in his well-cleaned boots, wearing out the Turkey-carpet in the library, and muttering to himself his favourite words, ‘I wish she were in Heaven.’—‘Lord Couleuvre is buried, Sir,’ said I.—‘I wish she were in Heaven—I wish she were in Heaven,’ said he. I laughed, and then he said, ‘Oh, ah! yes! very well! good morning!’ and commenced his paces, creak, creak, creak, with one hand in his breeches’ pocket, and muttering again, ‘I wish she were in Heaven!’ And I wish you were safely in England, Harold; but don’t eat frogs, pray!

Ever your’s,

M. J. C. W. L.”

CHAPTER VI.

——— Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

SHAKSPEARE.

It is now time to give some account of Sam and his companions, who were imprisoned in one of the old French fortresses in the interior of the country. Private humanity here, as in England, did something to alleviate the condition of the vanquished; but, as in most other situations, their happiness was dependant upon their own individual exertions.

It is not surprising that persons used to all the excitation of encountering and overcoming dangers—to continual conflicts with the elements and the enemy—should not, all at once, reconcile

themselves to their imprisoned existence, or seek consolation in those pigmy employments contrary to the nature of any thing they had ever been accustomed to. In this respect, sailors labour under a greater disadvantage than soldiers, who, before they enlist, usually learn some trade; while the seaman is a seaman, and no more.

Necessity, however, soon showed the advantage of employment; and Jack's immense fists, which had only been accustomed to handle ropes and handspikes, were presently applied to carving little pieces of bone, and the veteran brought up amidst the turmoils of war, sat making toys for children.

Sam and his shipmates had been already four years in prison, when Tom Merton, the captain of the fore-top, and a forecastle-man, two dashing, daring fellows as ever graced the deck of a ship, determined to attempt an escape. With these two bold spirits Sam had the good fortune to be locked up at night, in

an angle of the fortress that looked into the moat. From their casement they could see a forest in the distance, and for months they had observed the brickwork of the fosse in one part so dilapidated, as to render it not difficult for a sailor to ascend, if they could contrive to reach the moat itself, in which there was but little water. Their cell, however, was high, and near to the battlements; the iron bars were outside of the glass; and the only chance of removing one of them was, to take out the corner stone in which it was fixed.

No escape had yet been made from the prison, and no suspicion was therefore entertained. Preparation would have been hazardous; and they wisely considered that their liberation must be effected suddenly, or not at all.

Winter had already set in, and along with it the cold damp vapoury winds belonging to the season. The forest, which was but a few miles distant, showed all the symptoms of decaying

vegetation. Each blast rified the foliage; and already the skirts of the wood, bereft of its leafy ornaments, began to show the strength and beauty of the stems and boughs of the crowded trees.

The gallant tars waited with the greatest anxiety for a night that would favour their project by darkness and storms; while Sam, during the day, was oftener than usual seen to jump, rub his hands, and cry, "King Garge is de boy for de war!"

They managed to lay up, scrap by scrap, bread enough to last them about two days, and had each saved several francs out of the product of their industry.

Their plan was, that their blankets, bed-ticks, and spare clothes, should be cut into strips of sufficient strength to bear their weight, knotted together so as to form a kind of rope, which, being fastened to the remaining bar of the casement, would enable them to descend into the moat. This arrangement, together with clearing away the lime from the stone,

and displacing the bar, was to be carried into effect immediately on their being locked up for the night.

All was now ready—it was a most tempestuous evening, and, as the prisoners peeped out in the dusk, they saw that the wind and sleet blew directly in the face of the tall grenadier who leaned on his musket, looking towards their window. The sense of risk and danger awakens suspicion; and they thought, for a moment, he looked more earnestly than common, along the fosse, towards the spot they had fixed upon for escape.

Night arrived: the hollow blast roared among the turrets, and the sleet rattled in wild whirls against the casement. Their's was not the fear of goblins, or phantoms, or fiends, or ghosts of murderers with ghastly grins; but it was the agitation of secrecy, and a real dark and dismal dungeon in prospective, if they failed in the success of their daring project, that caused them to hesitate when the key and bolts of their cell-door were turned by the

guard. This sensation was, however, but momentary: presently their blankets and clothes were cut up, and the rope was formed in silence and in darkness. The glass of the casement was first taken out, when suddenly a gust of wind burst with a howling noise into their cell. For an instant they fancied themselves discovered; and they again hesitated, though the tempest, blowing fiercely in the direction they wished, the hail, the darkness of the night, and every circumstance, favoured them. But there was no retreating now; for they must either succeed in obtaining their liberty, or suffer for the preparations they had made.

The stone was presently removed, and their hearts beat high when the crumbling lime fell on the floor. The precarious rope was put out, but it dangled in the breeze, and was instantly pulled in, and the iron bar fastened to the end, by which its steady descent was secured. It did not, however, reach the water below; but they were convinced it must be very near to it.

Tom Merton, the captain of the fore-top, was the first to risk, as he was the first to plan ; and, squeezing his athletic body through between the remaining bar and the wall, he grappled the rope, (on which hung his life,) and slid slowly down, while his anxious companions waited till it slackened, by which they ascertained his arrival at the bottom. Next followed the forecastle-man, and last of all, Black Sam, who blessed himself on his arrival by the side of his two shipmates, who stood, up to their middle in mud and water, awaiting him. Sam, finding himself in so uncomfortable a predicament, began to plunge till he nearly fell down, to the great amusement of his companions, who would have laughed outright, but that the terrible got the better of the ludicrous, and placed the danger of discovery so strongly before them, that a sudden, low, and anxious reproof followed their impulse to laughter.

They crossed the moat with difficulty, but in

safety; and, climbing cautiously up the broken brickwork, in less than a quarter of an hour they were clear of the sentinels.

With breathless anxiety, they guessed their way, through the pelting storm, to the forest. Its margin gained, their hearts leaped with joy; and they rushed into the thicket, as if it were the haven of their hopes.

Their safety lay in concealment by day; and their expectation of a release from the country of their enemy, in flight by night.

The storm still raged with unabated fury; whilst they continued the whole night to toil through the wood, in an almost unknown direction, with the hopes of distancing their prison.

A grim and dreary-looking morning broke, and showed them seated, in the heart of the wood, at the root of an oak. Their clothes were tattered by forcing themselves through the yet green underwood, their legs were bleeding from the wounds they had received by

the fanged briars, and, wet, cold and weary, they sat, a pitiable spectacle, under the tall branches, from which the big drops of sleet were still falling.

“ Sam, you Obi-looking monster !” said the captain of the fore-top, laughing and shivering together, and mimicking the negro language, “ You look rader payl dis morning, bawy ! You nebba hab see de day like dis, Sam. Pluck up your courage, you rascal,” (knocking off Sam’s hat,) “ and let’s have a grin on that black mug of your’s. We’ll chouse the Frogs yet, Sambo !”

Sambo however was too wet, cold, and hungry, to laugh; and, taking a piece of bread from his pocket, he set an example which his two companions were glad to follow.

The rays of the sun at last cast a cheerless light through the branches, and the seamen with one accord exclaimed, “ There’s our compass to the S. E.—Up anchor ! Make sail, boys !”

“ Cheer up, cheer up, brave mariners,
We are not far from land ! ”

and away they trudged.

They had not proceeded far, however, till they heard a voice, and, with one instinctive consent, they instantly slunk, or rather crept, into a dell which was near, and listened to sounds they had no means of decyphering, for they had preserved a true English contempt for foreign language.

“ Brûlant d’amour, et partant pour la guerre,
Le Troubadour, ennemi du chagrin,
Dans son bivouac à sa jeune bergère,
Il la regretta en chantant ce refrain :

“ ‘ Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaiment pour la gloire,
C’est le devoir d’un vaillant Troubadour ! ’ ”

“ Didn’t you hear the mongrel call the name of the blood-hounds, one by one ? ” said the captain of the fore-top. “ Yes,” answered the forecastle-man, (who was a Scotchman,) “ and the guard and the valiant trumpeter were to

throw them off to devour us : but we'll not be taken by one, two, or three, that 's certain, without choking some of their luffs, Tom.—Sam, you dog, give me that oak branch here, and stand firm on your pins.—“I heard the man say something about our shipmate, Berringer, too,” said the captain of the fore-top, pointing a large oaken sapling with his knife :—“there, Sam, stick that into some of their gullets.”—“Hush, hush !” said Sam, with more sagacity for music, “de Frog sing again.”

“ ‘ Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaiment pour la gloire,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour ! ’ ”

“I told you it was the trumpeter and the hounds,” said the fore-castle-man. But this was the last of his notes, for the poor woodman's axe was presently heard at the root of a tree. He was completing his autumnal job, though the winter had commenced, and, with the true inconsistency of human sentiments, forgot all

the beauties of the sylvan scenes and his harmless employment, and sung the felicities of love and glory, with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur in both.

The axe served our tars as an interpreter, and they presently ventured to steal unobserved down the dell, and followed the windings of a little brook, till they came near the borders of the forest, when, having noted a line of direction for the night, they retreated again into its bosom.

The great object now was to avoid villages, towns, and great roads; but to pursue a parallel direction with the latter, till they should meet a river of sufficient magnitude to indicate it being navigable at its mouth, which would ensure there being English ships in that quarter; and, the moment they found such a river, to steal a boat and trust to the course of the stream for directing them to the sea.

Their greatest difficulty was in procuring provisions, which, however, Tom Merton ac-

complished by cutting off his hair, disfiguring his clothes, and acting the deaf and dumb beggar in villages, and at such times as the Gen-d'armerie were least likely to be astir. Tom was usually very successful in his mission, taking care never to solicit from any thing that wore a feather or a cockade, or could be supposed to have any relation to it. He differed only from other beggars by being more pleased with provisions than money, which saved him additional risks; and his shipmates, who lay concealed in the neighbourhood, were usually regaled by as many jokes as loaves on his return. Nor was grog forgotten, which invariably had the preference to wine; and such were its effects, that Sam on one occasion commenced to sing "King Garge is de boy for de war!" but a thrush, startled by the sound, fluttered from the bush under which they were crouched, and in an instant all was as still as death: and not another note was heard from Sambo during their land-voyage.

It is not our intention to dwell on the difficulties they encountered—probably chance and fortuitous circumstances had as much to do with their success in evading the French police, as perseverance and caution; for a knowledge of the various and well-organized ramifications of the armament of the law, would scarcely lead any person to expect to elude its vigilance in France. But one circumstance more of their hazardous route must be noticed.

They had secluded themselves for the day, in a small plantation situated between two villages,—a circumstance the darkness of the night prevented their discovering till too late to retreat farther into the country; and, what was still more unfortunate, a road of communication led near to the hedge behind which they were concealed.

Soon after daybreak, Sam saw two tall men, in the uniform of the Gendarmerie, approaching, and seemingly in earnest conversation. “Pop ’im head in de grass, Tom!” said the

negro, “pop ’im head in de grass ! De Frog, de Frog !” and he set the example, by rushing his woolly pate among the wet and dripping weeds ; while the two seamen lay flat and still.

“ Pierre,” said one of the Gendarmes, as they passed, “ Pierre, les Anglois sont assez bien sur la mer ; mais pour soldats ils ne valent rien : et l’on dit que l’Empereur va les chasser hors de l’univers !”—“ Ils sont meilleurs soldats que les Autrichiens,” said his companion : “ rappelez vous ces mâtins à Austerlitz, ces grenadiers de papier ? Ah ! comme ils chantoient—‘ Ne me touchez pas ! Ne me tuez pas ! Je suis noble ! ’ ”

“ Tenez, Pierre ! ” replied the first speaker. “ Donnez-moi cinque cens hommes à mon idée, de bons mâtins à poil, comme moi ; sacre mâtin ! Je ferois chanter dix milles hommes Anglois, ‘ Allez ! a, ha ! paw ! waw ! pang ! errae ! ’ Allons, mon enfant ! ” finished the vaunting soldier, as he commenced to sing, “ L’amour, l’amour, l’amour,” &c., and was

presently out of hearing, to the great delight of Sam, who ventured to say, “ All de Frog sing, Lamoor—lamoor—lamoor ! what’s dat, Tom ? ” “ It’s the ballad of Lammermeur,” said the Scotch forecastle-man, sagaciously settling at once the point in his believing companions, who then commenced to make preparations for their more perfect concealment and subsistence during the day.

Just before they were about to depart from their hiding-place in the evening, they again heard voices, but totally different from the preceding. One was feminine and weak ; the other, masculine and strong.

Forte.—Ma petite ! Ma Victorine ! Ah ! comme tu es belle !

Piano.—O, Jacques ! tu es méchant ! souvent la trahison a les dehors de l’amour.

Forte.—O, Victorine ! Victorine ! Ces yeux, cette bouche !

Piano.—O, Jacques ! comme tu es méchant !

Forte.—Tu es la rose, ma Victorine ! et moi, je serai le papillon.

Piano.—O, Jacques ! tu es méchant !
Jacques ! Jacques ! Jacques !

“Shacke ! Shacke ! Shacke !” said Sam in a whisper, “look at de Frog !” and he was presently grinning at the lovers as they walked towards the village.

As the night set in, they again departed, pursuing the same system of concealment, from day to day, till a dreary morning in the month of November brought at once a river and the sea in view. At dark, they stole cautiously to the banks of the stream, and seized upon a boat, which floated them down a tide-filled harbour, unhailed by the forts, into the wide and open ocean ; while their bosoms beat with a gay tumult, resembling the joyous gambols of the waves that ruffled its surface.

The fresh breeze, which blew them from the danger of imprisonment, hurried them from the shelter of the land ; and, at daybreak, their little bark began to ship water in considerable quantities, as it tilted about among the foam.

“A brig to leeward !” shouted Tom Merton,

who was steering: "bale away, my boys!" The cut of the sails, however, soon told them it was a king's cruiser; and the forecastle-man, who was a married man, voted that they should steer on, in hopes of meeting a merchant-ship, by which they might not only reach the land of their hearts, but, by evading impressment, the house of their homes.

Fortune favoured them, and at the great risk of their little boat being swallowed by the now boiling sea, they kept their course; and, before reaching the middle of the Channel, were received on board a homeward-bound trader.

Still the idea of impressment hung over them; but, under their peculiar circumstances, the master of the ship allowed them to be secreted while the boats from the ships of war arrived; and they afterwards landed on the English shore, full of gratitude for their freedom—that land, where the slave is free—that Britain, where the sea

" Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power ;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore ;

In vain they would advance, in vain retreat,
Broken they dash and perish at her feet."

The anticipations of the veteran forecastleman were, however, very soon blasted by his own folly ; for, no sooner was he on British ground, than, forgetting his cares and his prudence at the same instant, he gave license to a love of grog, and, a few weeks afterwards, was seen on board one of his Majesty's ships, having received his arrears of pay, and telling long stories about his doing the Frenchmen ; while his wife, Susan, who had found her way to the ship, sat by his side, and sung the ballad she had picked up by the way :—

" 'Tisn't the jacket or trowsers blue,
The song, or the grog so cheerly,
That shows the heart of a seaman true,
Or tells us his manners sincerely :
'Tis the hour of strife,
When venturing life
Where the spirit of Prudence fails her :
In battle he 'll sing
For Britannia's King !
And this shows the heart of a Sailor.—

(" Bravo, Susan my lass !")

Susan. 'Tisn't his merriment, kindled ashore
 By cash too quickly expended ;
 'Tisn't his going to sea for more,
 When the store in the locker 's ended
 'Tis the hour of distress,
 When misfortunes oppress,
And Virtue finds Sorrow assail her :
 'Tis the bosom of Grief
 Made glad by relief,
 That pictures the heart of a Sailor."

The captain of the foretop and Sam acted more warily ; the former had the good fortune to fall in with his brother's pilot-boat, and the latter set out for his master's house.

It was one of those clear frosty nights, when winter fires burn bright, that Sam approached the vicarage.

He passed unobserved up the shrubbery, but stopped when he saw the blazing fire gleaming comfort in the room where the family were assembled. Emily was reading to her father, who reclined on a sofa ; while a little boy rolled about on the carpet, near the hearth. Memory glanced back to other days, as the grateful negro gazed on this domestic scene. 'Then regard-

ing the heavens, which were studded with stars, his eyes became full—sparkled, and the tears rolled down his sable cheeks; till shaking off his display of feeling, he hurried to the kitchen-door, rapped, and shot in among the servants, like a true son of a gun. “Sam! Sam!” they all exclaimed with one accord, as each examined his ragged habiliments—“Sam!” they repeated; but the negro’s emotion again returned, and he placed his hands above his head, but found no utterance, till at last he began to jump and skip, and then was commencing his old song, “King Garge,” &c. when the bell rang, to know the cause of such unusual noise. “Sam, Sam, Sam, Sir!” was the answer; and Sam presently made his appearance with his best bow, which little corresponded with his wretched attire. The little boy screamed, his mother was overcome with emotion; while Mr. Herbert rose half up from his sick couch, to interrogate the delighted domestic; who briefly related the history of his escape.

“But where is your master?” said Emily,

half breathless with hope, fear, and doubt, mingled with feelings of surprise at the servant's sudden appearance.

“ Sam no see Massa dis four years. Massa good man :—officer, sailor, soger, all like Massa, —and Sam too.

“ When Sam cut de coat from Massa's wound, he see very littlum pickininny picture of Missa round Massa's neck. When Massa tink Sam no see 'im, Massa kiss littlum pickininny picture. Sam laugh ; but poor Massa sick, and say, ‘ Bless, bless her ! ’ ”

We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of the father and daughter at Sam's simple account ; which being finished, he retired to tell long stories of the prison, Tom Merton, the forecastle-man, their escape, and adventures among “ de Frogs,”—an appellation he had adopted for the French people, but without knowing why ; for he had not frequented, during his journey or imprisonment, the luxurious tables where such reptiles are prepared, though

he had once witnessed an English schoolboy place a young one on his tongue, and allow it to leap down his throat,—a living sacrifice to his contempt of vulgar prejudices.

Mr. Herbert, who had been attacked by a severe fever during the autumn, was now in so lingering a state of health, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. There was, however, a species of holy resignation in the conduct of the whole family, that shed comfort around, even in this trying situation. Their's were not the feelings of dread and agony, which surprise those who have never looked at the grave till the hour of approaching dissolution. No! they had meditated on their end, day by day, convinced of its certainty, and aware of the necessity of preparation. Did Mr. Herbert then feel indifferent at the approach of death? No: a heathen or a hypocrite may practise such callous affectation to the last gasp, and pretend to despise the blow which is to separate the soul from the body;

but the Christian is too well read in the sacred volume, too well aware of the frailty of human nature, to practise such a cheat. He is resigned and humble, and not bold and callous. He is patient and full of hope; but, knowing that while in this world he must bear the portion and burthen of a man, he is not depraved by impudent temerity:—and such were the last hours of Mr. Herbert, who died in the Christian faith, in the presence of his weeping children.

“ His God sustains him in his final hour :
His final hour brings glory to his God !
Man’s glory Heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep ! mixt tears of grief and joy :
Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !
Christians, adore ! and infidels, believe ! ”

When the melancholy toll of the church-bell, mingled with the silvery sounds of the humble few who chanted a sad requiem as they bore their pastor to the grave, struck on the ears of the afflicted sisters, it seemed as a second separation, a second death ; and when the poor villagers gave them their blessing, as they left that home, where every thing was connected

with the memory of him who had brought them up in the paths of virtue and piety, their cup of affliction overflowed with the sorrows of memory.

The vicarage had ever been an asylum for the distressed; and the patrimony of Mr. Herbert, like that of most clergymen, had been generously distributed, even to those who were loud and clamorous against the Church establishment. Mr. Herbert had, in short, but little to leave, though that little was enough for the unmarried sister, who took up her abode with Emily.

The sisters, soon after the melancholy event, went to reside on the borders of a northern lake, in a cottage, the property of one of their own relations, where we must leave them for the present, and return to our hero, who was still a prisoner in France.

CHAPTER VII.

Oh ! what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal !

SHAKSPEARE.

EVERY decree, every bulletin, was perused by Harold with the keenest anxiety ; but little reality could be gained from them, for the nation was blinded by war, which acted on it like the passions on an individual.

His situation became daily more irksome, which the information of Mr. Herbert's death did not tend to appease ; indeed, it required all his perseverance to prevent "his torments becoming his elements."

Father Ambrose, the Count, and his family, still continued to be friendly and attentive ; in

truth, the old soldier had formed so high an opinion of our hero, that he presented him with the beautiful French dog that had belonged to Adolphe, and which they were glad to keep out of the way of poor Julie.

This present was accompanied by a note from Adeline, (who never did any thing “*sans sentiment,*”) written on a pretty morsel of ornamented paper, containing a quotation from one of the best French authors, as explanatory of the excellent qualities of Azor, on whose brass collar was engraven the name of Adelphe de B * * * *, which was half-concealed by the blue silk leading-string that was fancifully arranged around it.

Azor, “sans avoir, comme l’homme, la lumière de la pensée, il a toute la chaleur du sentiment; il a de plus que lui la fidélité, la constance dans ses affections; nulle ambition, nul intérêt, nul désir de vengeance, nulle crainte que celle de déplaire; il est tout zèle, tout ar-

deur et tout obéissance; plus sensible au souvenir des bienfaits qu'à celui des outrages, il ne se rebute pas par les mauvais traitemens—il les subit, les oublie; ou ne s'en souvient que pour s'attacher davantage; loin de s'irriter ou de fuir, il s'expose de lui-même à de nouvelles épreuves, il lèche cette main, instrument de douleur, qui vient de le frapper, il ne lui oppose que la plainte, et la desarme enfin par la patience et la soumission."

Monsieur, vous êtes aimable; soyez bon pour pauvre Azor.

This dog, sensible to the kindness of his new master, soon became his constant companion, and had few rivals in the amusement he afforded by his extraordinary sagacity. Azor would carry a stick in the attitude of a soldier, fetch his master's hat and gloves, watch his clothes while he bathed in the river, shut the door, ring the bell (where such a thing was to be found), and, on one occasion, had been accused of robbing a henroost, for his former master's breakfast.

Day after day, hour after hour, passed away, without any appearance of release ; and the very amusement of making memorandums ceased to afford pleasure, as the hope of Emily's ever reading them became weaker. Yet he continued this employment ; and as specimens of his irksomeness, the following scraps have been selected.

SCRAPS FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF
A PRISONER OF WAR.

Memo. 10.—I eat, drink, sleep, walk, play chess, dominos, and drafts ; fence, paint, read, talk, and take coffee ; attend soirées and balls : and yet, what is all this idleness but misery wrong spelt !

Memo. 52.—*Court of Justice.*—*Trial.*—Common Law in France, like Common Law in England, is not always common sense, though the *cinque codes* of Napoleon have done much to strip it of its ambiguity.

Is liberty ideal ? No, no ; for when I go

to the Barriere, the sentinel tells me I cannot pass without an order from the Count.

Memo. 54—A duel on account of a dance.

“ L’amour n’est rien sans le sentiment et le sentiment est encore moins sans l’amour.”

A. an Englishman, *versus* B. a Frenchman.

Weapons, small-swords; place of meeting, behind a hedge, near the town; turf smooth, weather fine, sun rising. Seconds—“ En garde, Messieurs!” countenances un poco dismalo: “ Allons donc!” Steel gleams broke. First thrust parried: second, ditto; third, Englishman off guard, and switching his sword about like a horsewhip, Frenchman pricks him in the shoulder. Englishman slashes his weapon across Frenchman’s face—blood squirts in his eyes, and the affair is ended.

Memo. 70.—Another duel.

O freundschaft ! freundschaft !

Kalbfleisch, a German, *versus* Le Tonnerre, a Frenchman. Quarrel, a breach of confidence. Weapons; broad-swords.

Kalbfleisch.—"Give this to Maria, and this to Gustavus Adolphus; and if I fall, tell them it was in defence of insulted friendship. O freundschaft! freundschaft!"

Le Tonnerre.—"Donnez-moi mon *arc-en-ciel*." Rain falls fast; turf slippery.

Seconds.—"En garde!" *Kalbfleisch*'s eyes look large, blue, and sentimental; *Le Tonnerre*'s, small, twinkling, and anxious.

Kalbfleisch.—"Maria! Gustavus Adolphus! hurra!" First cut, second cut, third cut.

Le Tonnerre (parrying).—"Ah! encore, la! la! la!" and the hacking and hewing commenced afresh. *Kalbfleisch* slips his foot, and stumbles in the mud; *Le Tonnerre* laughs, but takes no advantage of it.

Another round, and *Le Tonnerre* cuts the sinews of *Kalbfleisch*'s sword-arm; the weapon drops, and he sighs, "O freundschaft! freundschaft!"

So much for duels!

Memo. 81.—War requires an enormous be-

lief. What think you of the following extracts, my countrymen ?

Memo. 148.—“ La conduite des Anglois est honteuse,” &c. &c.

“ Ils distribuent des armes comme du poison, mais ils ne versent leur sang que pour leurs intérêts directs et personnels. N’attendez pas autre chose de leur egoïsme.”

Unhappy men !

Memo. 188.—“ Oui ! j’en atteste l’honneur Français. Telle est sa pensée. L’honneur Français ! que de prodigues on peut faire avec ce seul mot ! L’honneur Français dirigé par un grand homme, est un assez puissant ressort pour changer la face de l’univers.”

Prodigious !

What think you of it, gentlemen ?

Memo. 192.—Carnival.

Sick of the midnight revels—morning dawning on pale and dissipated faces, wending homeward, without masks and without spirits, from

this carnal Carnival—this period of Elysium for dunces, drunkards, and debauchees.

Note.—More fools than wits, under this merry-andrew garb.

Memo. 193.—Character by no means strictly scrutinized at large parties.

Is the “*mauvaise haleine*,” so common here, attributable to the use of sauces, or the want of salt?

Memo. 198.—Where gambling is common, probity is cheap. Gambling-houses here, formerly obscure and mysterious, now “splendid and public.”—“Improvement of the times.”—“Liberality of opinion.”—“March of intellect.”—“Impudence and ease.”—Where is honest industry to meet its reward, or virtuous poverty to seek consolation.

Memo. 210.—1st January.

All busy purchasing “*Trennes*” (new-year’s gifts). A man taken up for making Love a present, at the expense of Honesty.

Memo. 230.—Sunday—Fun-day.

Memo. 235.—Calm, clear, delightful day ! only half-a-dozen clouds to be seen ; they are exactly in the direction of England. I am sure they are hanging over it.—My wife ! my child ! my country !

October 16.—Anniversary of the death of Marie Antoinette. Where now are they massing it for her departed soul ?

Memo. 248.—Had intimation that “ my affectionate friends ” at the Navy Board had stopped my pay—last accounts not being correct. Purser in tribulation ; clerk obstinate.

Memo. 280.—Time steals on : each day is a picture of the last, and I am weary of confinement to a town, and to France. When shall we hear the glad tidings of freedom ?

CHAPTER VIII.

———Why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quenched ;
And not as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?

MILTON.

WHILE such were part of the husband's employments, an affliction, perhaps the greatest that can befall a human being, happened to his wife. The circumstance was communicated to him in a letter, from which the following is an extract. It was written in a hand scarcely legible, though it was Emily's.

“ Since the death of our dear father, I have been a sad sufferer in my eyes, which has terminated in a heavy affliction indeed ; and I am now endeavouring—nay, I may say, have

succeeded in reconciling myself to the loss of my sight. Yes, Harold, it is too true,—I am blind. I thought my reason would have forsaken me, when the full conviction of such a dreadful misfortune forced itself on my mind ; and when the hour of morning came, and I could no longer distinguish its brightness, my misery appeared complete, and I thought my spirit would soon flee away from its sorrow. My sleep seemed to be without awaking, for all was one dark, dreary void, in which the mind alone was struggling to penetrate the gloom. The beauties of Nature, where were they ? Gone, alas !—gone for ever ! Where was the soft twilight, which we have so often enjoyed together ? Where were the bright calm heavens, studded with those splendid beauties that soothe even the wretched slave ? They were now no more to me. I felt as if mine alone were an unutterable doom—compelled to bear all the toils and tempests of life, without one flowret in my path to cheer

me on; and when our little boy put his infant arms around my neck and cried for mamma to look at him, I thought my heart would have broken, for I could no longer distinguish his sweet features, nor mark his growing resemblance to his father. Would that I could have seen you once again ! that, however, cannot be ; but I can yet hear my child's voice put up its innocent prayer for its parents ; and this last circumstance brought me to reflect on the sinfulness of my murmuring, and the wickedness of my ingratitude.

“ My husband, whose affections I know will never forsake me, my child, my sister, are still preserved to me. One sense only is gone, for I think my other faculties are improved, and I have health and competence. Away, then, with repining ;—I bow to my fate. Into such an error did this sudden affliction lead me, that, at first, I believed life must be insufferable without sight ; but, I am now thankful to say, my sentiments are totally changed in that respect.

Yes, my Harold, I have bright days of reason and reflection, calm nights of repose, and a tranquillity of mind, no longer agitated by that which it has not power to alter. Though all is now hidden from me, save the great distinguishing mark of human beings, the mind, yet I trust to improve that, so as to make me feel more powerfully convinced of the bounty, wisdom, and goodness of Him, whose ways, though mysterious, are doubtlessly wise and just."

It is impossible to describe the anguish Harold experienced on the receipt of such intelligence. He gazed on the little miniature. At the resemblance of those beautiful features, where meekness and intelligence seemed to contend for the mastery, but where his eye seemed to meet that of the dumb witness of his sorrow, a big tear stole down his cheek; and the feelings of the husband predominated over those of the warrior and the man.

He was ruminating over this misfortune, and the watchful Azor, apparently regarding his

master's unusual despondency, when the old Count rushed into the room with a paper in his hand, and with a voice and manner which bespoke real gratification, he pronounced him free to return to England by the next cartel. "You are exchanged," he said; "and while I shall part, with sorrow, from an English friend, I shall rejoice to get back a French relation."

In the journey of life, misery and joy frequently meet, and temper the more powerful ebullition of the passions into the discretion of reason. From a countenance of mourning, Harold's was instantly lit up with the smile of pleasure; and after taking leave of the good old Count, his interesting family, and Father Ambrose, with feelings of thankfulness for their kindness, he, who twenty-four hours before had been sunk in gloom, sorrow, and anxiety, embarked on board the cartel, with a mind rendered almost joyous by the excitement of hope and anticipation. Happiness and

misery, like lights and shadows, are displayed by the contrast which they afford to each other; and the meagre outlines of the soldiers' and sailors' faces, which in prison were filled up with shades of despondency, now completed a picture with bright tints of relief and enthusiasm. Gaiety sparkled in each countenance as they laughed at the Frenchmen's "more noise than work" in heaving up their anchor, and making sail out of the port.

At night it fell calm. Where were all the steamers then? The vapoury power, so long before known, had scarcely dared to invade the seas with chimneys and smoke; and but a few small vessels of that description struggled about our harbours, for the convenience of passengers, and annoyance of salmon; and so the cartel waited for the wind; while the exchanged prisoners, now more noisy than their French neighbours, whistled and sung, and looked and longed for a breeze that should blow them to their native shore.

The favouring gale at length arrived, but with it a dense wet fog, which the sun had not power to disperse. A course, however, was shaped towards the port of destination, and the vessel rushed on unseen through the waves and mist. Suddenly a voice, as if from the deep, cried, "Hard a-port with your helm!" but the Frenchman took starboard for port, and a rustling crash under the bows ensued. All eyes turned forward, and then a general run towards the forecastle followed.

The little pilot-boat had scarcely cleared the bows, when its mast seemed to vibrate; then the hull trembled, heeled, and suddenly sunk to rise no more; while the struggling crew plied every nerve, to escape the vortex of waters that swallowed up all they possessed on earth.

Harold, who was an expert swimmer, instantly threw off his clothes, dashed overboard, and was presently among the poor fellows, who were pushing boldly for the cartel, which was

hove to, and in the act of lowering a boat ; while Azor first barked, and then followed the example of his master. These bold men had but little need of assistance, for as he passed them they were striking out, gulping in water, and blubbering “ infernal, rascally, foreign, lubbarly swabs ! ” One man, however, appeared to be hovering about the spot where the vessel had sunk ; and Harold, thinking it proceeded from an inability to swim, instantly made towards him ; the pilot, however, regarded him not ; but appearing to have no difficulty in keeping himself above water, he looked wildly around, as he rose on the tops of the waves, crying, “ Tom ! my brother ! ” and then seeing that all was gone, he turned his head and swam towards the boat, which had already rescued the other men, together with Harold and his faithful dog.

“ Whom have you lost ? ” said our hero to the man who had been the last to leave the waves.

“ Poor Tom ! ” he replied, striking his drip-

ping forehead with his hand,—“my brother ! poor Tom Merton.”

“Merton !” said Harold, “.Merton ! was he ever in his Majesty’s ship * * * ?”

“Yes,” answered the distressed man, “he was captain of the fore-top.” And thus, while our hero was about to be restored to his country and to liberty, he was made aware that one of his best and bravest men had sunk into a watery grave.

“Your seamen and pilots appear to be brave, active men,” said the captain of the cartel to Harold, as the vessel again made sail, and they commenced that quarterdeck pace, so pleasant to nautical and annoying to nervous people. “It is melancholy to think,” he continued, looking archly at our hero, “that they are subject to impressment ; and even those who have now but escaped death, may have the blessing of preservation turned into a curse, by being forced to serve against their will.”

Harold, though fully sensible of the evil of

impressment, was nevertheless vexed that a foreigner should talk to him of that which seemed to place the boasted liberty of England in so dubious a light; and attempted to evade the remark, by answering, that our pilots were not subject to impressment; and that seamen, when taken into the King's service, were treated with the most impartial justice, without regard to the mode of their being sent on board, and had even more comfort than in the merchant-service."

"I know not what kind of comfort there can possibly be without liberty," said the Frenchman.

"There are many instances of impressed men becoming officers," replied our hero, anxious to get rid of the subject; "and one of my best friends was promoted from that situation," he continued, alluding to Cramer: "but you seem to say there can be no rational happiness without liberty, what think you of the conscription, then; for if there is a single spot in our charter of liberty, that of France is one entire blot?"

“ Our conscription is not so bad as your impressment,” retorted the officer, “ because high and low, rich and poor, are enrolled in it ; but your’s is a system to support a country, by making one class slaves in toil, to support the others in ease ; and, what is worse, you degrade your men, by making them serve with persons sent into the King’s service for punishment. We endeavour to make it honourable to all. You accuse us of vanity ; but if we are vain, that vanity is turned from a selfish to a national account.”

“ To support and protect property,” said Harold, “ and even to give it privileges, is to encourage industry, and benefit all classes :— you fly away with airy visions ; we look after solid advantages.”

“ And what, after all,” replied the persevering Frenchman, “ is the difference between a pound of feathers and a pound of lead ? But, to return to our subject, I maintain that our conscription is more equitable than your impressment : besides, in raising men for the marine, we act under a law which gives a greater

chance of justice, by making each seaport, according to its size and means, furnish a certain number of men when required, and not by taking them promiscuously, under any circumstances, and at any time."

The voluble Frenchman was continuing his rapid harangue, when the sun, which had for some time been gradually dispersing the fog, now assumed the full power of day, and sent the vapours sparkling into the ocean, while the distant hills seemed to rise from falling clouds of spangling dew. Then came the white cliffs of Albion full in view, crowned by the strong turrets which held our warrior countrymen, and then the sylvan scene wreathed with the garland of national liberty—

"A sight to gladden heaven ! whether she stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy ;
Whether to solace honest labour, she
Rejoices those that make the land rejoice ;
Or, whether to philosophy and arts,
(At once the basis and the finished pride
Of government and life,) she spreads her hand,

Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know ;
Doubting her bounty that she gives at all."

But who shall paint a husband's feelings as the vessel bounded over the blue waves towards the land of his home ? Who shall speak of the anticipation of domestic bliss, the pledge who was to utter a father's name, the joys of wedded love, and all the pleasing fabric of affection that was built up, piece by piece, in the bosom of our hero, as he once more stepped upon his native shore ? Then came those scenes that told him he was again in England—and not the least of them, the beautiful and spirited horses that dragged the vehicle towards his wished-for abode. He had not, however, been an hour in London, when, full of that enthusiasm which liberty ever inspires, as he was pursuing his way through one of those narrow, dirty streets, which would do justice to a city of the plague, (where vice alone, like butterflies on a dunghill, flutters in gay attire amidst the surrounding filth,) Azor, in his hurry to overtake his master, unfor-

tunately ran foul of a pair of crooked legs that he was attempting to thread, and was most unmercifully beaten by a tough-looking man disguised in a clean shirt. Harold, forgetful of the weight of his stick, struck such a severe blow at his revengeful countryman, in defence of his French dog, that he brought him to the ground, and was instantly surrounded by a multitude, shouting "Brute! to strike a man for the sake of a dog!" "Give 'em a whist-caster of the listener, Ben!" "Draw claret from his mug!" "Put his head in Chancery, and fib 'em, Harry!" joined by squeaks of "Look!" "See!" "Law!" "Mercy!" "Dear me!" &c. from the feminine part of the spectators. A mob was instantly collected,—for the curiosity of mean spirits ever seeks gratification in the troubles of others,—and he was accordingly abused, seized, threatened, and handed off to a magistrate, and then to prison, till the state of the man should prove whether the offence were bailable. Fortunately, this enemy to the canine species was enabled to appear the following day, and with the true spirit of a generous combatant, for gin and justice, compensated the matter for 10*l.*, which Harold gladly paid as a forfeit to that rashness

and impetuosity which had led him to commit an act against the laws of that liberty of which he was so enamoured.

Nothing now prevented his journey towards the home of his wife ; and, seated in a snug corner of that unostentatious-looking, admirable vehicle, the English mail, his feelings travelled faster than the wheels, which were whirled through the dust by four beautiful snorting bays, once the pride of the hunting field.

The dwelling which the two sisters had selected, was situated on the borders of a lake, on a little rising ground, opposite to a few shrub-clad islands, which serpentine the otherwise regular form of the waters, while a cloudy ridge of mountains rose in dark majesty to the westward of this quiet retreat. A partial cloud of rain had broken over the spot during the day, and left the shrubs wet and dripping in the evening sun.

The roses and woodbine that threaded the lattice-work about the cottage were rustling in the gentle breeze that blew over the lake, while the voice of the mountain torrents filled the air with murmurs as they sported in milk-white streams among the rugged crags, or spotted the golden hues of the autumnal foliage of the

grass and the shrubs on the declivities. It was at such a time that Harold arrived at the wicket which led to the cottage.

The two sisters stood at the window, the one seeming to explain to the other the beauties of the touching scene before them, while the little boy amused himself with things more within his grasp. They saw him come to the door, and he heard the elder sister say, "It is Harold ! I am sure it is Harold !" and as he sprung into the room, poor Emily, stretching out her arms, exclaimed, "Oh ! where ! where is he !" and in a moment he clasped her to his breast.

" And as he viewed her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once."

Azor stood amazed, and then retired from the passage with Sam, who on that eventful evening was heard louder than ever singing

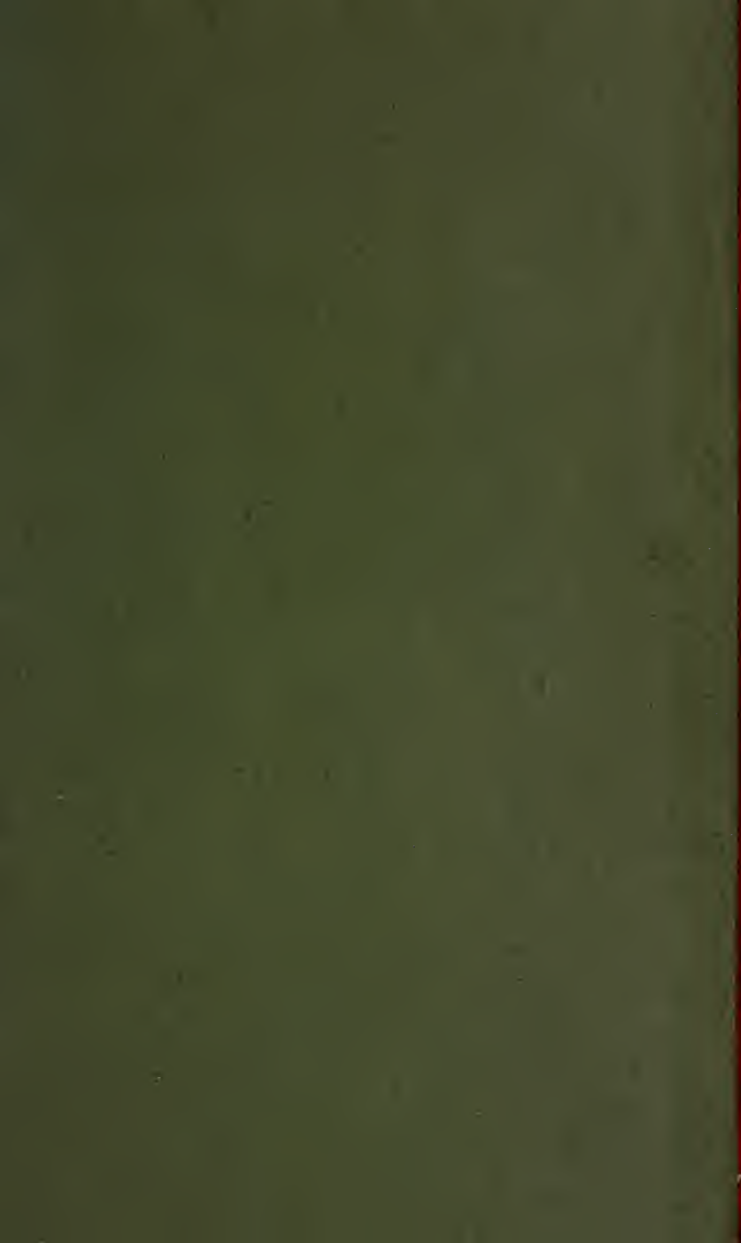
" King Garge is de boy for de war !"

THE END.

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